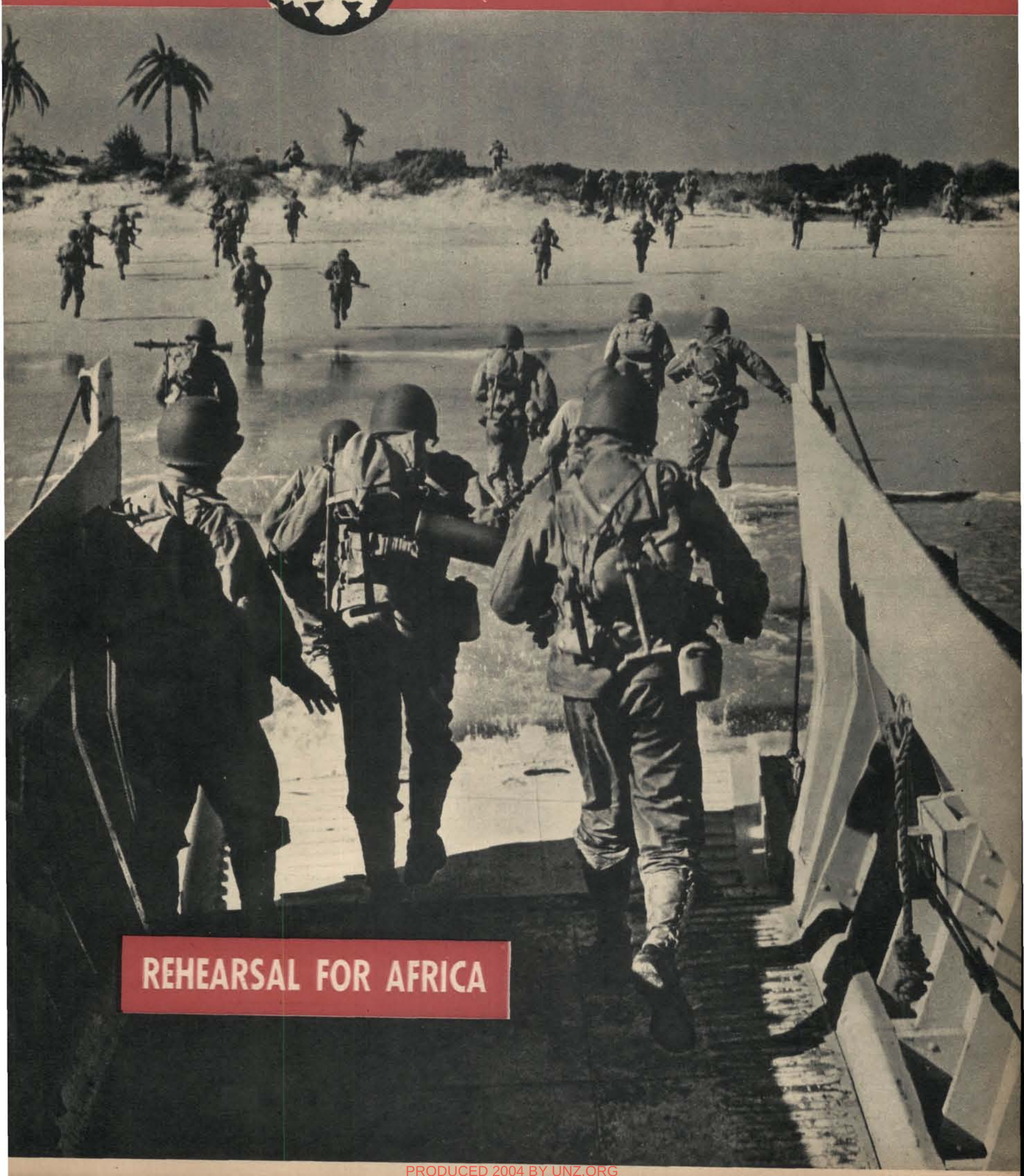
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ NOV. 18 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 23

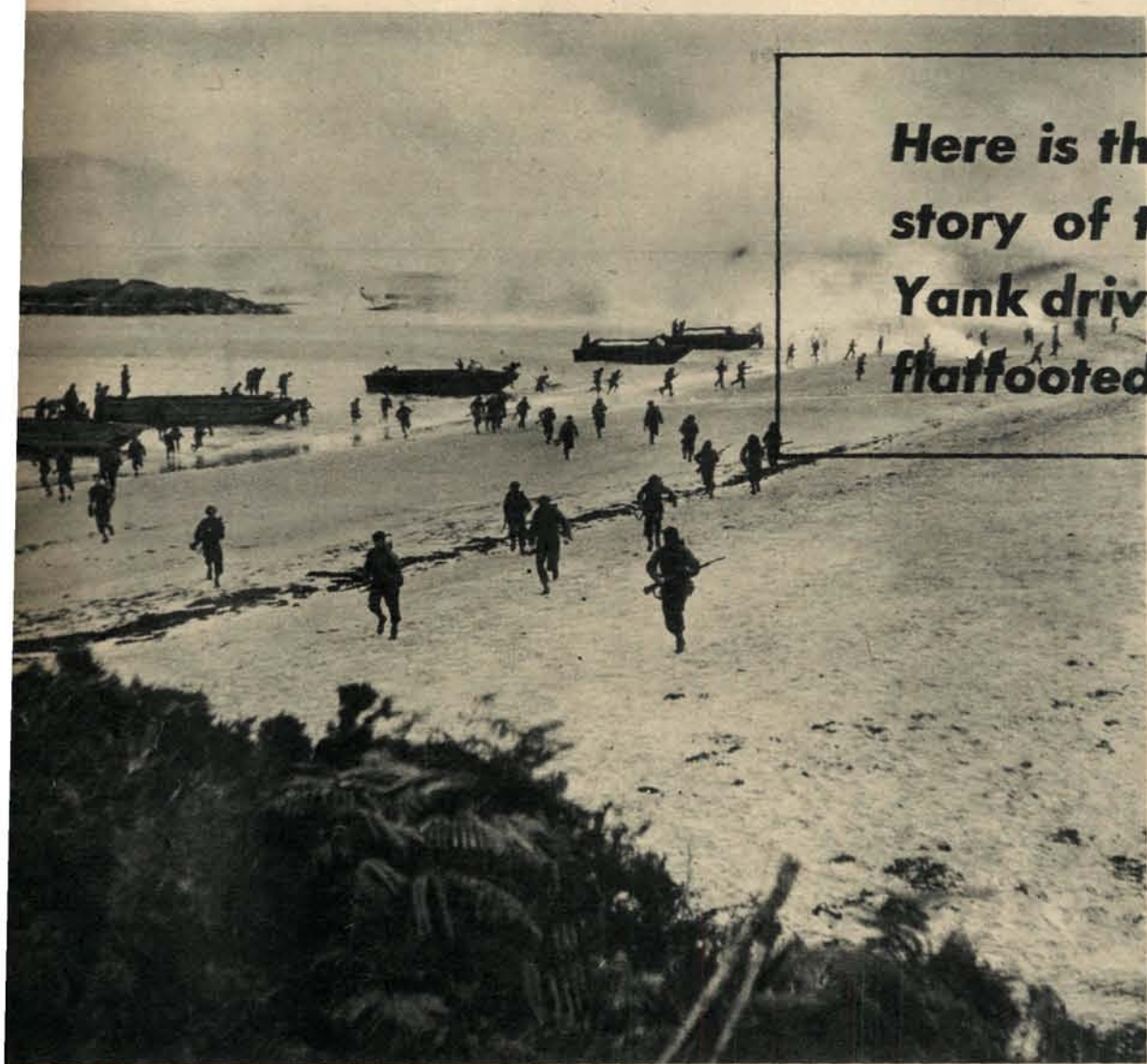
By the men . . for the men in the service



REHEARSAL FOR AFRICA

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. Opens 2nd Front



Here is the whole play-by-play story of the first inning in the Yank drive that caught the Axis flatfooted on the African Coast

AT 3 O'CLOCK in the morning the launches cast off from the transports, started their motors, and headed for the dark shore line. To the men in the boats it seemed just like the sort of landing maneuver that they had been practicing for months, yet this time it was different. This time it was the real McCoy. This time America was really getting its second front.

The Axis had been afraid of this day. They had known an invasion would come, but they hadn't known when or where. For a week they had a bad case of jitters as they eyed a huge convoy assembling off Gibraltar. And here was their answer.

The greatest invasion armada ever assembled deployed along a thousand miles of North African coast line. Some sailed into the Mediterranean, taking up positions off Algiers and Oran, while others went south along the coast of French Morocco. Early Sunday morning they struck.

The first two days of the battle revealed the strategy of Gen. Eisenhower, commander of the invaders. It consisted of movements flanking the key towns of Casablanca and Rabat in French Morocco, and Oran and Algiers in Algeria, all important French ports and communication centers. With these points under control, the Americans could effectively immobilize the opposing forces and prevent reinforcements from being brought to the particular scenes of combat. With the rail lines and highways in their hands they could move their own men and supplies wherever they chose. At the end of two days it looked to the world as though the Americans were in the driver's seat.

Algiers Falls into U.S. Hands

The initial success was gained at Algiers. While the supporting British fleet drew up in a circle around the harbor and began a gun duel with shore installations, American forces landed both east and west of the city. One American destroyer slipped into the harbor itself and landed American Rangers. They attacked the electric-power station and seaplane base, and withdrew. The destroyer fired some parting shells at the city which damaged the admiralty headquarters building and started a big fire along the docks. American combat teams swept around behind the city and captured two airfields. A few minutes later, American and RAF fighter planes were landing and taking off from these fields. By 1900 o'clock the French decided further resistance was futile and arranged an armistice. The Americans began to occupy the port the next day.

The prize of Algiers was made even greater by the capture of Admiral Jean Francois Darlan, Vichy No. 3 man and supreme commander of the French armed forces. Whether he was a prisoner or an ally was not sure at first, but the Allies hoped he would choose to swing the influence of his position and personal prestige on the side of the democracies.

At the French naval base of Oran, 200 miles west of Algiers, resistance was stiffer, but there too progress, though slower, went smoothly. Though coastal batteries set up a barrage against the naval forces, Americans landed on both sides of the town, and swiftly started to encircle it and

AMERICAN LEADERS IN AFRICAN OFFENSIVE

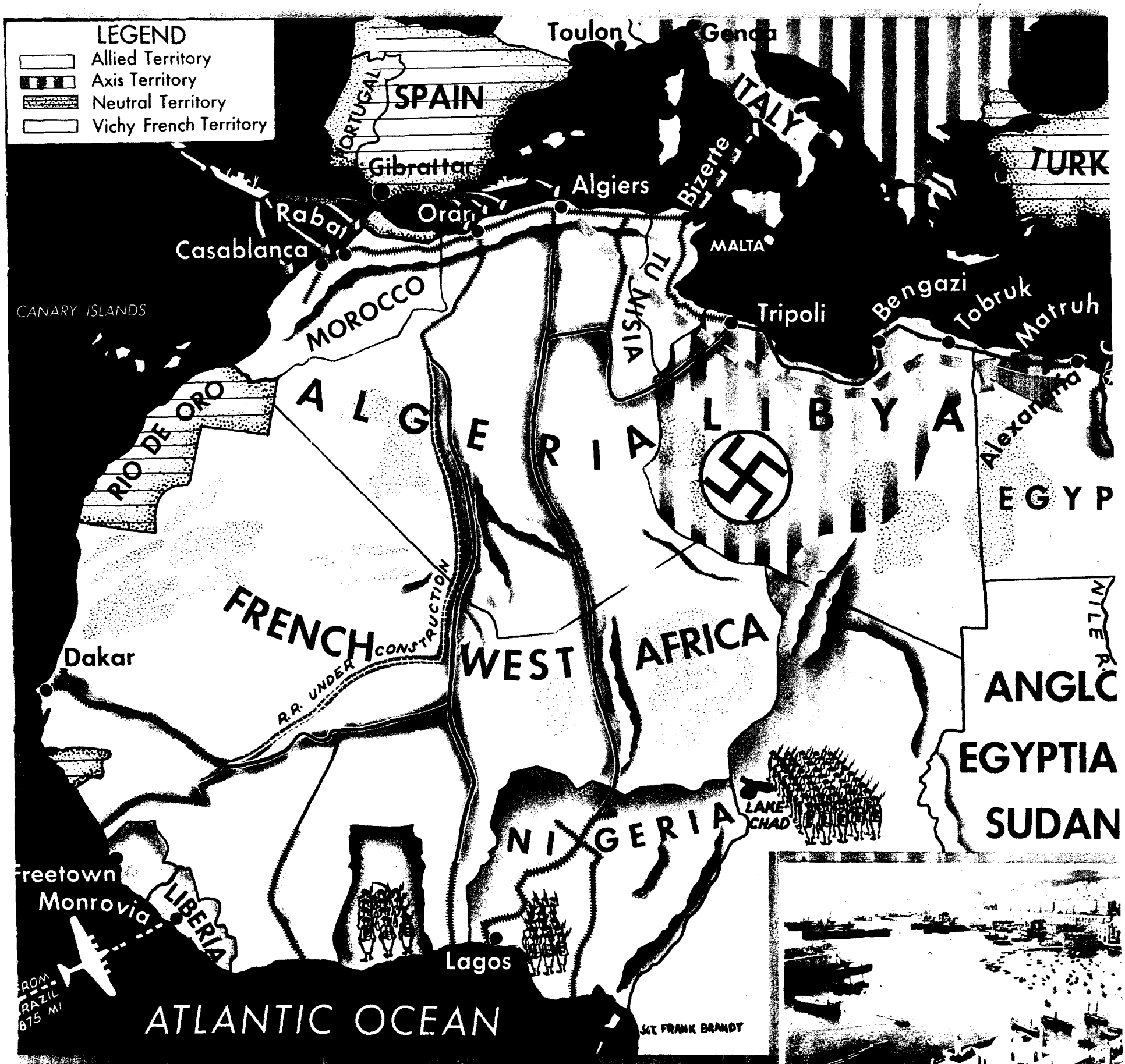
Lt. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower planned the strategy.

Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle

Maj. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.

BRILLIANCE, bravery and experience all are equally prominent in the high command of the U. S. Army drive on Africa. Lt. Gen. Eisenhower, commander-in-chief, was a lieutenant colonel only two years ago, received the DSC for administration and organization. Brig. Gen. Doolittle, chief of air operations, led the raid on Japan last April. Maj. Gen. Patton, commander of forces on the African West Coast, is a veteran who was wounded while directing U. S. tanks in the Meuse-Argonne offensive in the first World War.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Harbor of Algiers, occupied by the AEF

cut off its rail and highway lines. Three of its four airfields were quickly captured and put into use by the Allied air forces. Over 2,000 prisoners were taken. By the third day American tanks were roaring into the city.

Still farther west on the Atlantic Coast, Rangers, soldiers, Marines and bluejackets rushed ashore at widely separated spots and began converging on Casablanca and Rabat. Official dispatches, short on details, indicated that Americans met their toughest opposition in these sections, especially from the air. Nevertheless it was only a matter of hours before Vichy reported that three American columns, each consisting of a battalion with 15 tanks, were closing in on Casablanca, and that fighting soon was going on in the streets of the city itself. Maj. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. went ashore with an armistice proposal, but the local French commander preferred a useless resistance, the general withdrew under his flag of truce and the fighting continued. Carrier-based dive bombers blasted the city, battleships bombarded the coastal defenses, and tanks advanced through the streets.

A primary objective of the Allies in North Africa is the final and complete destruction there of Marshal Rommel's forces, already disastrously defeated and in headlong retreat before the powerful British 8th Army. The Americans gave two indications of their intentions in that direction shortly after the surrender of Algiers. First, American troops landed in Phillipville and Bone, Algerian towns not far west of Tunisia, and set out toward the border. Furthermore, President Roosevelt sent a message to the bey of Tunisia requesting that the "indomitable and massive" American forces be allowed unimpeded passage through Tunisia. It appeared to be just a question of time before the Americans would drive through Tunisia into Libya to catch foxy Rommel from behind.

Vichy Orders French Resistance

One big question mark for the American forces that slowly resolved itself was the kind of resistance the French would be willing and able to give. Gen. Eisenhower at the moment the attack started made a radio address to the French informing them that American operations were directed only against the Germans and Italians, and giving them a system of signals to prevent action against themselves. But Vichy ordered the colonies to resist, and resist they did.

Several important factors were bound to hamper the effectiveness of the French opposition, however. The French Army in the colonies, numbering between 125,000 and 150,000 men, was spread out in fairly small garrisons, and with communications rapidly falling into American hands, it became increasingly difficult for the French to get a large concentration of troops or bring up reinforcements. The French Air Force, comprising perhaps as many as 800 planes, were largely obsolete, and a good part of it was put out of operation by the capture of the air fields at Oran and Algiers. Finally, the French were reported to be low on arms and ammunition, and tanks were virtually unknown in the colonial army.

But most important were the political inclinations of the French Army itself. Traditionally friendly to Americans and no lovers of their German conquerors, Frenchmen, thought the Allies, would hesitate to offer any resistance whatsoever. Early reports from Vichy tended to confirm this view by announcing a Fighting French uprising in the army at Casablanca, which they claimed, however, had been put down.

Gen. Eisenhower made the most of the divided loyalties of the French Army by backing Gen.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henri Giraud as the Free French leader of North Africa. Gen. Giraud, recently escaped from a Nazi prison camp, is a popular hero in France and a respected leader in the French Army. Shortly after the American landing at Algiers he was reported to have escaped again from the heavy custody under which he was held in France and to have arrived in North Africa. His first act was to make a radio address urging the French colonies to give their support to the newly-landed forces. A short while later Gen. Eisenhower announced that Gen. Giraud would become the anti-Axis leader in North Africa and commander of a Free French Army which would fight alongside the United Nations forces. This announcement, along with the news that their commander Admiral Darlan was being entertained by the Americans, he hoped would bring still wavering units into the Allied camp and decrease resistance further.

The French Fleet was another unknown quantity for the Americans. In Toulon, on the South coast of France, warships were getting up steam and awaiting orders to sail into action against British and American naval units in the Mediterranean. In the North African ports French warships returned the fire of the attacking navies. Reportedly manned partly by German crews, the five French battleships and a good-sized number of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines might prove a formidable opponent to the Anglo-American forces.

On the other side of the naval ledger, however, could be entered the fact that the French Fleet had been idle for two years, and that her only aircraft carrier was in Martinique, depriving the fleet of an air arm. Allied headquarters kept mum about any naval engagements, but Vichy reported that their crack new 35,000-ton battleship had been hit and damaged off Casablanca. But a real decision could only come when the French Home Fleet went into action.

Axis Fails to Stem Invasion Tide

Axis ire aroused by the invasion soon crystallized in the form of aerial opposition to the landing forces. Axis bombers flew from nearby Sardinia and Sicily to blast the American troops and British reinforcements landing in the harbor of Algiers. The warships put up a curtain of anti-aircraft fire, and Allied fighters took off from their newly won airfields to give further protection. Some ships undoubtedly were hit—Berlin radio exaggeratedly claimed 13. Landing in such an exposed place, the invaders were bound to expect some losses, but the damage did little to stem the tide of American forces flowing into Africa.

The rapid American progress in the west of Africa and the British destruction of Rommel's forces in the East seemed to point to the imminent collapse of Axis power over the southern Mediterranean. If such proved the case, the Allies would reestablish a communication line which had been lost to them for two years. Their supply ships would no longer have to make the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope nor be exposed to the German submarines in their happy hunting grounds in the South Atlantic. With air bases all along the North African Coast, the Allies could also make it increasingly difficult for Axis ships to use the Mediterranean and tighten the blockade net around Europe.

But what everyone was waiting for was a chance to invade the continent of Europe. The enemy's weakest side, the southern flank, would now lie exposed to an attack which would be far less costly than an assault on the well-fortified North Coast. This invasion might prove the turning point of the war.

The democracies were on the march, and with the Axis out, the soldiers in Africa might be on the road to Berlin.

The Aussies attack Rommel in Egypt.

British 8th Army Started Nazi Nightmare in Africa

ON THE night of Oct. 23, the Allies launched the offensive in Egypt which, coupled with the later American landings at the other end of Africa, was designed to drive the Axis out of Africa.

Two weeks later the Afrika Korps was on the run, with the British 8th Army in hot pursuit cutting them to pieces.

Ever since the 8th Army had checked Gen. Field Marshal Rommel's attempted drive for the Nile in the first week of September, both sides had prepared for the inevitable day when the British would hit back. Allied grand strategy, revealed later by the American invasion, required that the Axis forces be eliminated. Over a 40-mile line stretching south from El Alamein to the impassable Qattara Depression, two large well-equipped armies faced each other. Rommel's crack, desert-trained Afrika Korps and Italian forces had been busy in the preceding weeks setting up a complicated zone of defense about four miles deep, heavily mined and carefully protected by artillery emplacements, machine-gun nests and antitank obstacles. But for months Allied ships coming up the Suez Canal had unloaded the newest type British and American tanks, planes and guns for Gen. Montgomery's men. At the same time the RAF and USAAF blasted Axis convoys forming in Greek and Italian ports, pounding at them as they crossed the Mediterranean and unloaded in North African ports. Not a convoy crossed unscathed, and for four weeks not a single Axis tanker had been able to reach port with its badly-needed supply of fuel for the Axis war machine. In addition Allied airmen dumped tons of explosives on enemy supply depots, communication lines, troop concentrations and front-line defenses. Finally, when Gen. Montgomery thought the softening-up process had gone far enough, the 8th Army struck.

Slow Warfare Precedes Tank Clash

Knowing that approved desert tactics calling for the use of massed tanks would be a suicidal waste, the British reverted to a style of combat borrowed from the first World War. All night artillery barrages on a scale never before equalled on the desert made the horizon a shifting, luminous red line. Germans who dazedly came through the devastating fire survived only to meet the bayonets, tommy guns and grenades of slowly advancing waves of infantry. The infantrymen dodged and weaved across the desert a few yards at a time by the light of the African moon through paths in the mine fields prepared for them by sappers. In the early stages of the battle, the British used their tanks sparingly as infantry support in concentrations not large enough to provide good targets. A coordinated air attack cleared the sky of enemy bombers, blasted gaps in the mine fields a few hundred yards ahead of advance positions, and scattered enemy troop or tank concentrations that threatened counter-attacks.

After a week of this slow, intense warfare, the character of the battle changed. On Nov. 2 the British Infantry finally pushed a gap all the way through the northern end of the line. Then, with the RAF pounding the way ahead of them, the British tanks and American-made General Shermans roared through and met German Mark IVs in the long-awaited big-tank clash. For six hours the behemoths roared ahead in their clouds of dust, pouring shells at each other. Finally Rommel decided he'd had enough, withdrew his tanks and called up antitank guns to cover their retreat.

But retreat proved difficult. The only road to Libya, jammed as it was with troops and trucks, made a perfect target for bombs and strafing. Rommel set up a rear guard of his remaining armor and guns, and withdrew behind this protective shield. Stripping Italian troops of their motor transport in order to save his own men, he abandoned six Italian divisions to the British. Leaving a trail of wrecked and burning machines and dead, the Germans ran—as fast as the Italians had ever run—for Halfaya Pass and the Libyan frontier 240 miles away.

Complete Destruction, British Aim

But the 8th Army, not content with merely defeating the Axis or taking territory, set out to destroy them completely. Paratroopers disrupted airports in the German rear, destroyed planes on the ground. Bombers and fighters shuttled back and forth ceaselessly from the retreating columns to their airfields and back again. Big tanks hammered at the diminishing rear guard. In a campaign just a little more than two weeks old the British forces had already captured over 90,000 prisoners, destroyed 500 tanks and 1000 guns, and demolished the bulk of the German Air Force in Africa. Of the 140,000 troops with which he started, Rommel was estimated to have less than 20,000 left, and it was problematical whether these Germans would be left with enough supplies to make a stand at Hellfire Pass.

More and more the retreat became a rout. And if Rommel did manage to keep part of his forces intact, he was now caught in a giant pincers, with the newly-landed American troops at his back.

It looked like the beginning of the end for the Axis in Africa.

YANK photographer Sgt. George Aarons, who flew with U. S. bombers raiding Rommel's desert base, made these two photos which were radioed to YANK from Cairo through the courtesy of the Office of War Information. Left, while in flight, Aarons clicked his camera as the B-25 in foreground released bombs. In the photo at right, crew of bomber checks plans before taking off for the raid.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXTRA!

Sweet potatoes, Southern Style, in the Aleutians and Boston biscuits with Wisconsin butter in the hot, humid jungles of New Guinea.

In Chicago, Col. Isker examines dehydrated vegetable samples.

In the desert, a dusty soldier sits down to eat his K ration.

Good News for Chow Hounds

Army food experts in Chicago are beating the Axis on the test-tube front with dehydrated meats, fruits and vegetables that give fresh, tasty American meals to American fighting men in the front lines of Africa, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands.

By SGT. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHICAGO—Recently, in an isolated outpost deep in the New Guinea jungle, a G.I. meal was served to a detachment of U.S. Army Air Force technical troops. The meal consisted of hot corned-beef hash from Texas, mashed Idaho potatoes, shoestring turnips from New Jersey with Iowa bacon, a synthetic vitamin C lemon drink developed in New York, a vanilla pudding packaged in San Francisco, and coffee blended from Colombian and Santos stocks. Served with the meal were Boston biscuits, and a Wisconsin butter that did not melt or become rancid in the steaming 105-degree heat.

A week or so later, American troops landed in the Andreanof Islands, 365 miles from the nearest Japanese outpost in the bitter-cold, fog-shrouded Aleutians. As the men streamed ashore in their Higgins boats, their food went with them—not loaded painstakingly into the boats, but dumped unceremoniously overboard and floated in with the tide, thus releasing men and equipment for fighting. The containers seemed to be ordinary cardboard, but miraculously they were watertight. That night the men ate vegetable soup, fried fresh-water herring, mashed potatoes, carrots, apple sauce, caramel pudding, biscuits and coffee.

In the trackless New Guinea jungle, an Australian colonel took one look at what the Americans were eating, and murmured: "What next?"

In the bleak Andreanofs, a Canadian sergeant shook his head and muttered something about another one of them blasted American miracles.

The Americans just ate, not even thinking twice how their fresh American food got to them.

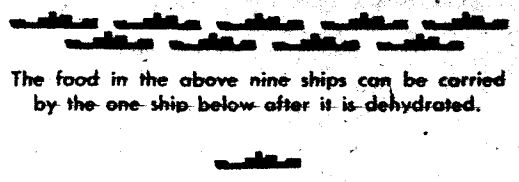
And so another American miracle has come to pass. It is just a minor miracle, as miracles go, principally because it's wartime and the publicity hasn't had a chance to catch up with it yet. But in the immensity of its scope, it ranks as a scientific milestone. It's strictly an Army miracle, too. A handful of officer-scientists working here in the Subsistence Research Laboratory of the sprawling Chicago Quartermaster Depot have actually advanced the entire field of food research more than 10 years.

Col. Rohland A. Isker, head of the lab, tells how it came about. "All of a sudden," he says, "we found ourselves at war, and faced with the problem of getting good American food into places that had never even smelled American food before. All of a sudden we had to develop chow that would stand every possible climate and could travel thousands of miles to millions of American soldiers — when we had just about enough ships available to feed the Marine Corps. On top of that, there was no more metal for tin cans and containers. In short, it was one helluva job. But we did it."

And *how* they did it. Their work will probably change the eating habits of the world for generations after the war is won.

The first thing they developed after raiding the Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery for some of the country's finest scientific brains, was the famous K ration, a revolutionary advance in emergency foods. Next, they tackled the half-solved problem of dehydrated (water-removed) foods, and came up with flakes of cabbage, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, etc., that would keep a year or more, take up one sixth the shipping space, and taste just like the original fresh produce when water was added thousands of miles from the shipping point.

Here's Why We Dehydrate Food



The food in the above nine ships can be carried by the one ship below after it is dehydrated.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News for Chow Hounds

Lt. Horne tests butter under tropical conditions

Then they worked on new containers—glassine and laminated cellophane bags, wax-paper boxes, asphalt-hardened cardboard cases, and fibre cans, all of which were waterproof, heatproof, coldproof, insect-proof, even mustard-gas-proof.

Now they're developing new foods for shipment and drawing up specifications for mess sergeants all over the world, involving the use of tropical and Arctic products never known to be edible before. They're all being tested here—shark steak, drumfish, tundra moss. On Bataan, the fighting quartermasters fed the men fresh fish and meat caught and prepared according to the instructions sent out by this laboratory. In the Solomons and Africa, the food problem is so simplified that condensed and dehydrated foods are actually light and compact enough to be flown in by plane. If a battalion ever gets isolated by the enemy, one C-46 transport plane per day can drop enough dehydrated rations to keep the outfit well-fed and happy with a varied, nourishing diet.

Like almost everything else, it was the enemy that made the first big step forward in battle rations. And like everything else, we are now pinning their ears back with our preponderance of research and production.

According to an article in the scholarly magazine *Food Industries*, the Germans first developed advanced food techniques in the Norwegian campaign. This was one of the principal factors in the smashing German victory. While the British struggled with old-fashioned food convoys, the Nazis supplied their troops from the air with special rations, 60 per cent of which were dehydrated cakes of vegetables, milk and eggs, and sauerkraut. The stuff was flat and vile-tasting. But it was nourishing. And the German mountain and mechanized forces swept on, unhampered by slow-moving supply trains.

Axis Had Advantage, Until—

A few months later, British reconnaissance planes noticed strange factories springing up all along the north shore of the Mediterranean. For months they wondered what these factories were. When Rommel struck in Libya, they found out.

The factories were dehydrators. Rommel's army was getting every bit of its food in six hours—incredibly light cakes of dehydrated food, transported by air across the Mediterranean, and dropped by parachute to hard-fighting advanced units. Again the British were caught flatfooted. Their food was still coming in bulk—and again they were hamstrung by the slow-moving supply columns and convoys.

The Japanese, too, had their dehydrated rice and vegetable patties, and this was one of the principal reasons for their rapid advance through the jungles of Malaya and the South Pacific.

Then we swung into action, and in six months the situation changed.

Our foods, developed here at Chicago, not only were light and easily transportable; they also had an appetizing, natural flavor that the Axis could not approach. In special containers, these amazing new rations soon were being shipped to United Nations forces all over the world.

Thus, a shipment of 27 million pounds of potatoes, which ordinarily filled the holds of three medium-sized merchant vessels, can now be dehydrated to three million pounds, and tucked away in one third of the hold of a single medium-sized cargo ship. At the destination, the dehydrated potatoes can be reconstituted by the addition of water to nearly all of its original 27 million pounds. In this way, two and two thirds ships are freed for the transportation of men and valuable equipment. As Lt. Joseph Burkhart here at the laboratory puts it, "We were foolishly using thousands of merchant vessels for shipping nothing but water. Now we know better—and as a result, food is tying up only one sixth the number of ships it used to."

All food research for the entire Army is done in a five-room laboratory occupying barely 200 square feet of the million or so in the Chicago Quartermaster Depot.

Col. Isker, a tough, likeable six-foot cavalryman, first came here as a troop commander when he became dissatisfied with the food his troop was getting. He wanted to learn how to improve it. Col. Isker had been in the Cavalry since 1916, when he enlisted as a private and served on the Mexican border. He learned so much about food as a result of his course of instruction, that when the Cavalry was mechanized and he had trouble distinguishing between a spark plug and a fuel can, he was sent back to the Subsistence Research Laboratory to be its commanding officer.

The colonel is the practical man in the lab. From his own experience, he knows exactly what the enlisted man wants. Not the tiniest food item is approved by the lab until the colonel himself has sampled it. It was his idea to put chewing gum and cigarettes into the K ration. As an old cavalryman, he knew the value of chewing gum for "cutting the dust" in dry, thirsty throats. The cigarettes were included, says the colonel with a knowing grin, "to keep the meat can from rattling around in the package."

Lab Officers All Fighting Men

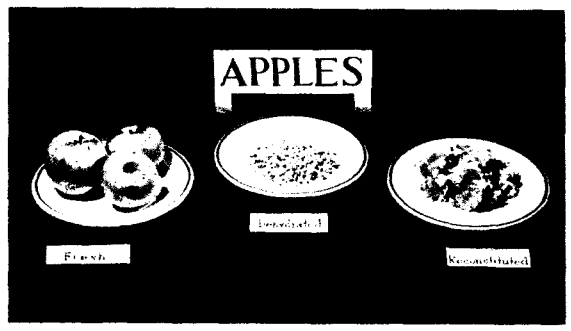
Handling the actual research in the laboratory are officers who were brilliant young scientists before the war. They are all fighting men. Most of them were line officers in the field until the Army caught them up and returned them to the work for which they were best fitted.

Capt. V. O. Wodicka, for instance, was a Coast Artillery officer holding a ROTC commission from Washington University. Before Pearl Harbor, 27-year-old Capt. Wodicka startled the scientific world with his experiments in vitamin analysis—and actually developed some of the foremost methods in use today for determining photoelectrically the vitamin content of foods.

Today he's in charge of the Combat Ration and Technical Branch. He analyzes for vitamin content all foods submitted by commercial manufacturers for adoption by the Army. Also, he works out the components of each of the new Army combat rations. K ration was almost exclusively his, and he has made improvements in the C, the D and the new jungle-and-mountain rations. He sees to it that under all conditions every American soldier gets 3,700 calories in his daily ration, as compared with the 2,000 calories consumed by the average civilian. One of his more recent developments is the handful of dry powder which miraculously becomes cereal (with sugar and cream) when a little water is added.

Head of the Dehydrated Products Branch is Lt. Matthew E. Highlands. Lt. Highlands, who holds degrees from M.I.T. and the University of Maine, was a quartermaster officer in the field before he was transferred into the food laboratory. *Who's Who* lists him as professor of bacteriology at the University of Maine, and one of the nation's leading food technologists.

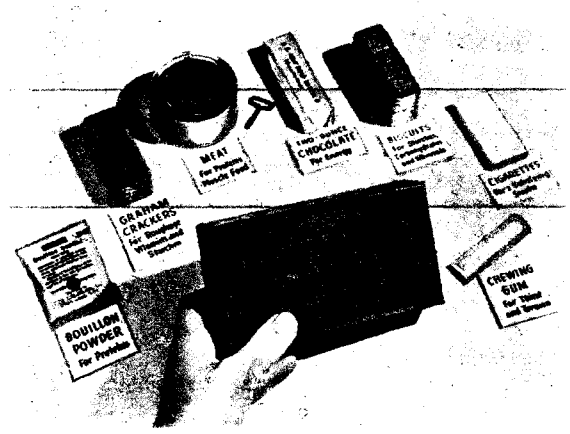
Most of the tremendous strides in dehydrated foods can be traced to Lt. Highlands. He supervised the development of powdered apricots and prunes, dehydrated turnips, powdered cranberry-juice cocktail, powdered tomato-juice cocktail, instant cocoa, and powdered baked beans which he describes as "a helluva lot better than the old kettle beans." He is always trying to improve and further condense standard products like dried milk and eggs, and dehydrated potatoes and onions. His latest accomplishment is a bar of onions no bigger than a small cake of soap, which when rehydrated, swells up to the equivalent of seven pounds of fresh onions.



The apple changes its complexion.

"Our job," says Lt. Highlands, "is to turn out dehydrated food which retains its vitamin content, and looks and tastes like the thing our boys have been eating all their lives. That's where we've got the jump on the Germans. Their dehydrated stuff is just a series of tasteless, colorless powders, only one half as nourishing as ours, by actual test. Starving German soldiers have been captured in the Egyptian desert with their pockets full of German dehydrated foods. It was so tasteless and unappetizing they couldn't eat it."

Lt. L. W. Horne, an Infantry officer, was on the research staff of the chemistry department at Purdue University. At Purdue, he worked under the famous Dr. H. R. Kraver, and helped develop an effective method of controlling spoilage in meats. Here at the Subsistence Lab, he is continuing his work as the expert on fats. If a certain fat or butter spoils in the field, he analyzes it for the cause and corrective. One of his babies is the universally-used "Army Spread," which is an amazing butter capable of retaining its taste and consistency at temperatures ranging from 50 degrees below zero to 150 degrees above.



What goes in a K ration supper unit.

Lt. W. W. McGee, an infantry officer who studied at Oklahoma A. and M., is the packaging ex-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

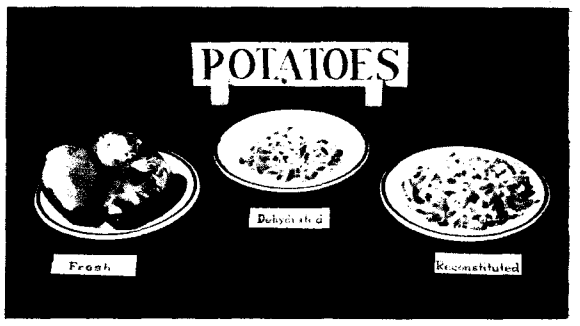
pert. He tests all new packages for proof against water, heat, cold, wear, insects and poison gas. Only if they meet the most rigid scientific tests does he recommend their adoption for specialized Army use. He helped develop the standard container in which dehydrated foods are now shipped. This is a so-called three-in-one package, consisting of a waterproof hard-fibre box, enclosing a lead-foil box, which in turn encloses a glassine box.

"The only living creature outside of a mess sergeant that can get into that thing," says Lt. McGee, "is a termite with a diamond-head drill."

The chief of the Bacteriology Branch is Lt. S. G. Dunlop, formerly a research bacteriologist at the University of Colorado School of Medicine. It's his job to discover the cause of spoilage in any ration adopted by the Army. His laboratory has cabinets in which are reproduced the temperature and humidity of every climate in which American troops are forced to go. Foods are placed in these cabinets for 30 days and tested for bacterial spoilage by complicated chemical processes. No ration is prepared for any specific part of the world. U.S. Army rations must be usable anywhere.

The axiom of the laboratory is test, test, and test again. The actual food products are not manufactured here. Usually the lab develops specifications for a new food. Then the specifications are turned over to commercial manufacturers for mass production, under rigid Army inspection.

After a food has passed its preliminary labora-



The potato doesn't look like itself.

tory approval, it is submitted to a less formal but equally effective form of examination. Every day at noon, the entire staff of the lab, from Col. Isker down through the civilian secretaries and enlisted men, sits at a big table known as the "Guinea Pig Club" and eats the new foods, prepared by dietitian Marian Bollman. After the meal, the "guinea pigs" write their opinions of the food on unsigned form cards. They can and, on occasion, do write: "It stinks."

The next step is actual tests in the field. The food or combat ration is fed to a unit at Fort Benning, a unit at Camp Young in the blistering California Desert, and a unit in the sub-zero temperatures of Mt. Rainier. The men are given physical examinations, put through their regular training routine for a number of days, and then tested physically again. They, too, are given form cards to register anonymously their personal feelings toward the food. They, too, if they are so inclined, can say: "It stinks."

If enough of them did, the food would never get out into the field.

But none of them has held his nose between his fingers yet.

Soldiers of the Test-Tube Front

Lt. Woodrow W. Bailey, ex-professor at Texas A. and M. and a leading meat and dairy expert, sums it up thusly: "We realize our responsibility. We're not kidding ourselves about just creating foods to win the war. We know that we're creating foods that will have to feed the world when the war's over. Our dried milk, and dehydrated vegetables, and canned ham and eggs will be on every housewife's shelf—we've revolutionized the food industry that much.

"But somehow all that doesn't seem very important right now.

"What is important is that we've all been out in the field, and we know what a decent meal means—especially when you're cut off in a ravine somewhere and surrounded by a thousand Japs.

"We keep saying over and over to ourselves: 'Suppose I'm transferred back into the field tomorrow, suppose *I'm* getting ready to bust out of that ravine surrounded by the thousand Japs, how will *I* like this food, and how good will it be for *me*?'"

That's how we've licked the Axis on the test-tube front.

Crammed into MacArthur's headquarters are men who can say "I was there."

These Clerks Saw Action

Desk men in MacArthur's GHQ won stripes the hard way—under fire.

By SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA [By Cable]—The anchor chain of a U. S. Navy vessel clanked and the propellers stopped churning. It was a moonlit tropical night as in a South Sea movie, deathly silent save for waves breaking on the beach half a mile away. But it was not a romantic night.

There were 16 American soldiers aboard with a mission to accomplish. They dumped gasoline drums overboard. The only way to get them ashore was to haul them to the surf and then let them ride the rest of the way. Small boats would have capsized in the breakers or smashed on the coral reefs.

Then the soldiers slipped into the dark waters bouyed up by bulky lifebelts and pulled the drums to the surf. They swam to the beach of Timor and, exhausted from crawling up the shore, slept on the sands.

When they awoke with the dawn the ship had vanished and the drums were strewn over the beach. Then began days of jungle hell. Each drum had to be rolled through knee-deep swamps to a secret Allied airfield two miles from the beach. Day after day with aching backs they slogged through the swamps rolling the drums.

After six days rations ran out. A big black native came to their rescue, trudging 50 miles through jungle paths to the nearest town to get more food. Finally, 24 days after arrival, the Yanks rolled their last drum to the airfield's camouflaged position. Sunburned, mosquito-swollen and weary, they piled into a Hudson bomber and flew back to Australia. There they heard that the mission had resulted in sinking Jap ships and in slowing down the enemy offensive against the island. It made the eventual capture of Timor more costly than it might have been. Gen. Brett rewarded each of the 16 with an individual citation.

Action a Prelude to GHQ Duty

The mission took place months ago, but Cpl. Kenneth Wold from Mitchell, S. Dak., will never forget any detail. Today he is corporal of the guard at Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters. He admits this is comparatively tame work. "I'd like to go on another mission sometime," he tells you between smart salutes to officers passing through the GHQ entrance.

Crammed into a few buildings comprising Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters are a dozen other men who can say "I was there"—Yanks from the fox holes of Bataan, from bomb-battered Corregidor and the Java jungles and other far-flung places where American soldiers are fighting this war.

They're sleeping in real beds and eating from china plates. Carrying extra stripes, too. The silent halls are the strangest contrast to the concussion-rocked slit trenches they once huddled in. The feeble clatter of typewriters is much different from the satanic stutter of machine guns. And most of these men who saw action won their promotions the hard way, not back in American training camps but under fire.

Rescued Car from Bombed Garage

First Sgt. Francis Klaiber is an appropriate top kick for GHQ filled with such "I-was-there" men. He's a stocky Army veteran from Renovo, Pa., who has been recommended for citation because of his action in Java.

Seventeen Jap bombers thundered over the American base in Java dumping bombs that hit an Army garage. Klaiber ran to the flaming structure and jumped into the staff car with four shrapnel-flattened tires, a leaking gas tank and a burning rear end.

Someone yelled, "Hey, you'll ruin the tires!" But Klaiber drove the car to safety from the burning garage and the rescued vehicle later proved invaluable.

It's a far cry from ducking Jap bombers to supervising janitors and washwomen for Sgt. Santiago J. Salaberry of King City, Calif., now a GHQ provost sergeant. Back in Java he was responsible for saving every one of his unit's vehicles from Jap bombers. He drove cars and trucks two miles into the woods and laughed as the Japs bombed garages daily.

Nightmares from his hectic experiences in the Philippines still haunt T/Sgt. Frank Benham of Tulsa, Okla., not because of the hardships he endured there, but because he was charged with thousands of Air Force service records as Clark Field personnel sergeant major. The field was the first and main Jap target because it was the hub of American airpower in the Philippines.

All units at the field dumped their service records in Benham's lap for safekeeping. For some uncanny reason the Japs seemed to be after the service records.

"Three times I carted them to different hiding places," he says, "and three times the Japs made targets of those places. Somehow I managed to save all but a few and to get through safely to Australia. If I hadn't, thousands of airmen might have ended up unpaid and recordless."

"There was humor even in war's grimness," he added. "On the ship taking soldiers from Bataan to Corregidor one soldier was so rattled at the swooping Jap planes that he threw his field pack—rifle, gas mask, helmet and cartridge belt—overboard and dived in himself. He was rescued without his equipment to the accompaniment of curses by his supply sergeant."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN AUSTRALIA, two master sergeants, Charles Reeves, Bakersfield, Calif., and Roland Boone, Hemet, Calif., man the machine guns of a Flying Fortress.

IN DUTCH GUIANA, two American soldiers stand guard at the big Lago oil refineries on Aruba Island. Oil is what the creaking Axis can't get enough of.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LONDON PUBS TO SOUTH SEA LADIES

Mr. French Knows Wot's Wot In London Likker and Lager Line

LONDON—Edgar French, a pleasant little man with an astonishing knowledge of almost any subject that over-the-bar conversation can produce, probably knows more about Yank drinking eccentricities than any other man in England. Mr. French is the proprietor of Dirty Dick's pub on Curzon Street, opposite the Washington Club.

Until July 4 the bulk of Mr. French's business was serving the gentlemen's gentlemen who butled in swank West End homes. Occasionally two or three Yank M.P.s would straggle in. But on Independence Day, when the Red Cross opened the Washington Club for U.S. troops, Mr. French's business changed overnight. Thirsty Yanks virtually took over the place, and hardly a day now goes by without at least 300 of them, mostly on leave, dropping in for double Scotches or pale ale.

American drinking habits were not new to Mr. French; he had travelled through the States and observed them with a professional eye. But to his wife, who helps him, Yanks were strange creatures.

"A shot of whisky," one would order. "A shot?" she would echo perplexedly. Mr. French would sneak up beside her. "A measure, dear," he'd whisper. Within a week or two, however, Mrs. French had learned to deal with her new patrons. She could usually distinguish between a soldier well-versed in pub-crawling and one who had just arrived. The veteran would order lager or pale ale; the rookie, beer. English beer, or bitter, is served warm, and Mrs. French quickly learned that if she did not warn of this she would soon hear a grumble: "Hell, it ain't cold."

Now she may suggest pale or Graham's lager, which are closer to American beer than bitters. When a new arrival asks for a "rye high" or a Manhattan, as happens occasionally, she explains patiently that you just can't get rye in England.

A few Yank drinking habits amused Mr. French's English patrons. The one which gave them the biggest kick was for a G.I. to demand the bottle (old PX style, remember?) to drink from. Another was paying for one's own drink individually rather than each man in a group buying a round. A custom which made most Britons raise their eyebrows slightly was the Yank knack of tossing off a shot neat, though Mr. French confesses that he, too, prefers to "kick both tonsils at once."

According to Mr. French, who is very polite, Yanks are beyond criticism in the way they carry their liquor. One lad who gave him considerable amusement, however, had the habit of dropping in for a quick double shot, ducking out, and then ducking in again perhaps 10 minutes later for a repeat. One day Mr. French tabulated his visits: total 22. Only then was it discovered what he did in the 10-minute interval.

He visited another pub down the street.

YANK's LONDON BUREAU

In the Jungles of New Guinea Natives Mooch Butts and Jeeps Fly

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—The arrival in New Guinea of a contingent of airborne American infantrymen—the first U. S. doughboys to go into a combat zone anywhere in this war on an offensive mission—was received calmly by the natives who are the only civilians left on this war-torn island. The bushy-haired members of some of the tribes indicated that they were thoroughly familiar with our habits by asking us at once for cigarets, and by looking sour, if not downright cannibalistic, whenever they were offered merely one of the cheaper brands.

The interest of the natives in our smokes is matched by the interest the riflemen have been showing in the natives, who in many cases have fulfilled our most picturesque hopes by being conspicuously undressed. The natives the Yanks have encountered up to now haven't been notably savage, although one tribe of dusky porters admitted to an occasional fondness for headhunting. They live on a diet largely of rice and wheat meal, and chew a terrifically strong tobacco supplied them by the Australians which generally discolors their teeth.

The Yank's diet consists almost entirely of canned stuff, and some of the boys were surprised to learn that even potatoes, dehydrated, come in cans. There isn't much to eat outside of what's issued. There are no hot-dog stands or soda fountains in New Guinea, and if you want to supplement the G.I. ration you can do it only by getting hold of a cocoanut, a pineapple or a bunch of bananas. You can't buy anything else, either, and countless soldiers have taken perfectly good Australian coins and, by diligently hammering away at them with rocks, have converted them into handsome souvenir rings, which is probably as sensible a way of using up your pay as getting into a crap game.

The boys still gamble, but mostly just for the principle of the thing, since the winners, for the time being at least, aren't any better off than the losers. There isn't anything to drink, and it looks as if the only kind of bar the Yanks will be seeing for many months to come is a mosquito one.

In the mountainous jungles of New Guinea, the war is principally one of supply, and the American Engineers in this area have amazed the Australians by the speed with which they carve truck trails for the transportation of materials and ammunition. They have pushed through roads where it was held you'd be lucky to hack out a footpath. They have built a bridge over one stream in three and a half days after a local observer predicted it couldn't be done in less than six weeks.

One detachment of Engineers, constructing a road, came upon a river that had to be bridged at a time when they were completely out of nails. Not at all abashed, they tied logs together securely by binding them with the stringy vines that abound down here and make the jungle so hard to get through.

And if you don't think these vines are tough, take the experience of a jeep driver who was plowing along a trail the other day when he came upon one hanging down over the middle of the road. Figuring that a jeep could go through anything, he merely stepped gaily on the gas, expecting to brush the annoying vine out of his way. The vine hooked under his front bumper and, before he knew what had happened, the front wheels of his buggy were dangling foolishly in midair.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW CALEDONIA

The Cream of South Sea Belles Will Answer to Odette or Simon

NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA—Do you picture a South Sea Island as a place where beautiful girls in shredded-wheat skirts sing soulful melodies to soldiers who look like a cross between you and Stirling Hayden? Well, brethren, tain't so.

The ladies fall under three classifications—Javanese, Tonkinese and French. Taking them class by class, you know the Javanese because they are tiny, have delicate features with a definite Chinese hint about them, wear a wrap-around sarong affair or shapeless black pants, walk on clogs or in bare feet, and are "out of bounds."

The Tonkinese tend toward the heavyweight division. The missionaries thought they needed clothes and sold them on the idea. Guys back home are inclined to cuss the missionaries for this, but they are wrong. It was definitely a kindly thing the missionaries did for the onlooker when clothes were put on the belles of Tonkinese persuasion, even though the Tonkinese idea of style follows this line: Take one flowered bed quilt and cut a hole in the middle. Droop the quilt over the wearer's head, pulling head through the hole. Let the rest of the quilt drape by gravity. Tie up the sides. This gives the effect of a double scoop of ice cream starting to melt with a large brown prune capping the top.

French girls are any white women who answer to the name of Odette or Simon. Whether you rate them as lookers depends on how long you've been here. If you are a fresh arrival, they may not look so good. But after six months or so, we are informed, they begin to look all right. Those phrases your dad learned in his war won't help much. They speak French but not that kind. For instance, when you take a girl home you don't say "au revoir." The correct way to leave the little lady is with "allez ta-ta."

There aren't any spirituous drinks legally—just milk shakes, lemonade (pronounced lee-mon-ahd), and a queer mixture of sweetness and dark water called "cafe." But from places unknown comes a tincture for internal use known as "Vieux Martinique." It is neither old nor from Martinique, but any port in a storm.

The topography of this island is largely upside down. There are mountains rising right up from the sea and there are mountains which seem to have fallen on their noses into the water. A standard-sized football field would be hard to find.

The palm trees the Tin Pan Alley boys use in their lyrics are strictly hothouse. Here and there you do see an anemic looking specimen, but either Florida or California can do better.

There's a sweetish aroma in the air most of the time which smells something like Fort Bliss at nightfall. This odor comes from burning naouli, a species of eucalyptus which is the local firewood.

To get back to the prosaic, if you are figuring on soldiering down this way, laundry averages 30 francs a week. That is about 75 cents and includes everything.

Butts are on issue. The ration changes from time to time but so far it has always been upward. Right now, the boys are getting almost all they can smoke.

Of course, in a climate like this, shirts open at the throat with a tie are the rule. Sun tans or fatigues are used only. Guys in the bush wear leggings, guys in town don't. Garrison caps are rarely seen. There is no complaint about any clothes shortage.

For recreation there are movies, a Red Cross game and reading room, several popular sandwich and soft-drink stands, radios, parties and dances now and then, and a dream of a white-sand beach where swimming is tops. Fishing gets quite a few devotees, and in the bush venison is a favorite food. The deer are so thick, it is said, that the natives look upon hunting as a moral duty to protect their gardens.

The French people are friendly, hospitable, eager to learn English and not at all adverse to having soldiers in their homes. Many of them "adopt" boys and these fortunate fellows go regularly to the homes for meals. Lots of these homes have daughters named Odette and Simon. The soldiers learn French very rapidly from people called Odette and Simon.

The Catholic cathedral is an imposing building on a hill that is quite popular with service men. Practically the whole population turns out for church. The only place Odette and Simon wear silk stockings is to church.

In case you are down this way, look up Sgt. John Galway who is our authority and guide. The sarge is a very friendly guy and is an authority on the sociological aspects of Noumea.

SGT. LADD HAYSTEAD
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

The Private Who Ran to 7s, Or the Mysterious Musette Bag

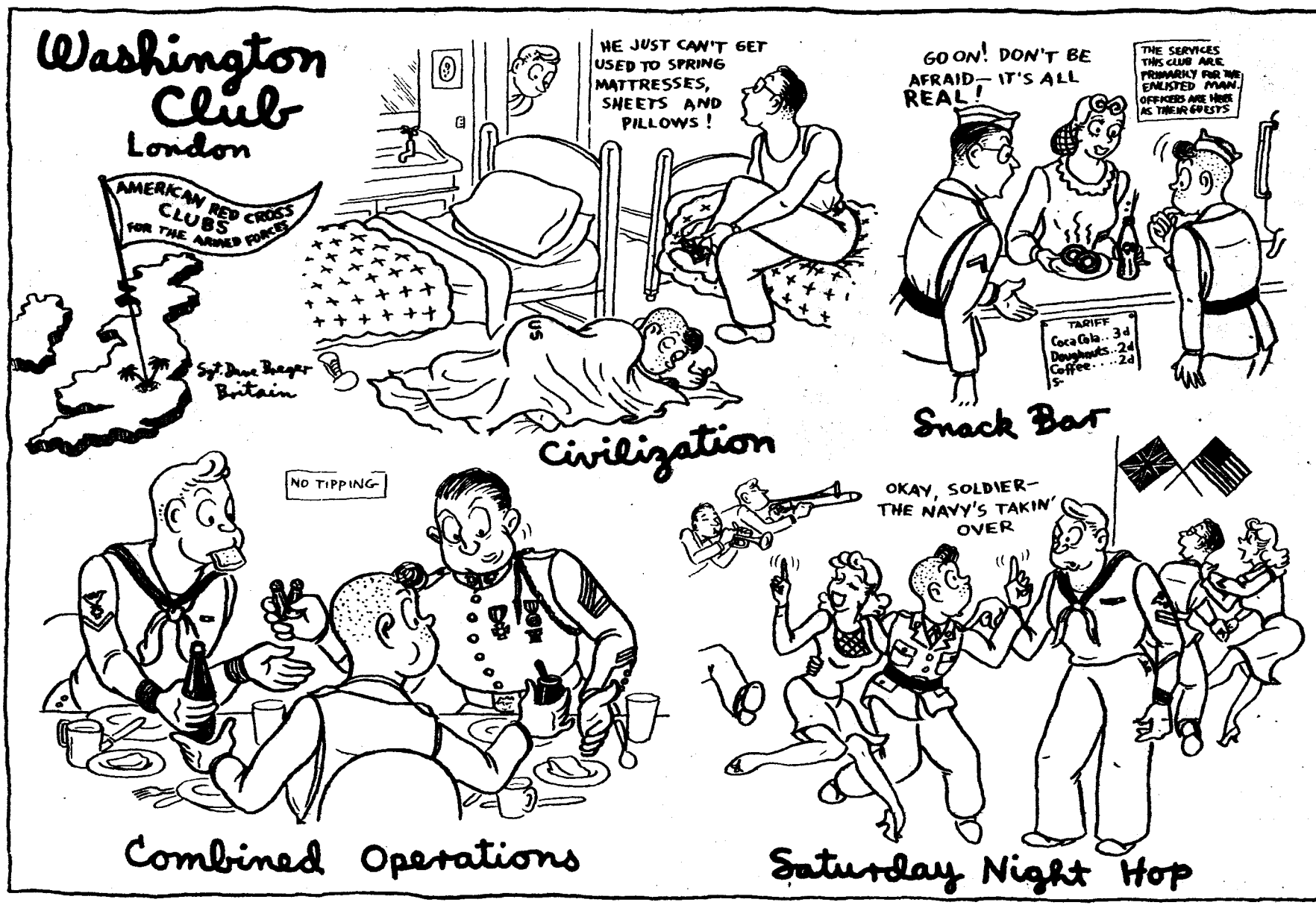
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—No one could figure out what made the bulge in the musette bag. The private who carried it never opened it during the 14 days of maneuvers. His supplies and equipment he carried apart—folded in his shirt, rolled in his pack, or stuck inconspicuously elsewhere about his person. But he never left the musette bag lying around, and he used it as a pillow when he slept.

The secret was out when he visited the APO. The bag had been full of the Ole Mazuma—£748 or nearly $3,000—which had been raked off various floors in various post-Eagle Day crap games. The private used it to buy war bonds, which he sent home.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

G.I. JOE

By SGT. DAVE BREGER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS FROM HOME

Errol Flynn Held for Trial After Two Girls Tell Stories

HOLLYWOOD—After a preliminary hearing which was a front-page sensation, Errol Flynn, the dashing movie hero, was held on $1,000 bail for full trial Nov. 23 on a charge of raping two under-age girls. If convicted, he could be imprisoned for from one to 50 years at San Quentin.

Looking schoolgirlish in pigtails, 16-year-old Peggy Satterlee, who said Flynn sometimes called her "Little Jail Bait" and sometimes "the San Quentin quail," accused him of taking her to the cabin of his yacht *Sirocco*, boosting her on the bed so she could view the moon through the port hole, and then raping her twice.

Blonde Betty Hansen, 17-year-old movie-struck waitress, said Flynn took her to a bedroom of a Bel Air mansion, took all her clothes off except her sandals, took all his clothes off except his shoes, and then had intimate relations with her.

Flynn, who did not testify at the preliminary hearing, issued this statement: "The district attorney has had the ball so far. When I get it, the picture will change. My ultimate vindication is all that counts, and I have complete confidence in the essential fair-mindedness of the American majority."

This photo introduced as evidence in the Flynn case was described as showing the movie actor and Peggy Satterlee aboard his yacht.

Meantime Flynn's latest movies, "Desperate Journey" and "Gentleman Jim," are doing a standing-room-only business.

The veteran Senator Norris of Nebraska was a sad figure after his defeat.

Republican Gains Reduce Democratic Edge in Congress

WASHINGTON — Jubilant Republicans regard their decided gains in the mid-term election as a major shift in America's political tide.

Democrats still maintain their majority in both houses, however, and everywhere the victory of the opposition party is interpreted as a desire for an even more intense war effort.

The party in power lost 41 seats in the House, retaining only two more than the 218 necessary for a majority. In the Senate the Democrats lost eight seats, but they still have eight more than the 49 necessary for a majority.

After 39 years in Congress, 81-year-old Senator George Norris, Nebraska Independent who fathered TVA and many other liberal measures, went down to defeat in a three-cornered race. Others who lost out included Josh Lee in Oklahoma, Clyde Herring in Iowa and Prentiss March Brown in Michigan.

Of the 33 governorships at stake, the Republicans won 17, the Democrats 14 and the Progressives one. After 20 years of Democratic rule, New York State elected Republican Thomas E. Dewey, already spoken of as a possible presidential nominee in 1944. Other Republican governors, all re-elected, are regarded as promising presidential material — John W. Bricker of Ohio, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota.

N. Y. Gov.-elect Dewey and wife.

SKIMMING THE WEEK ON THE HOME FRONT

The United Mine Workers of America gave authority for a seven-day week in coal mines in seven western states to meet a wartime need for coal. . . . The Government took over all short-wave radio. . . . Americans are buying fewer things on the installment plan; outstanding consumer debt for last month dropped $450,000,000 or 6 per cent.

WPB ordered an end to the manufacture of safety and straight razors and a 20 per cent reduction in manufacture of safety razor blades for civilians. . . . Hunters at Chamberlin, S. Dak., reported record quantities of ducks and pheasants. . . . It was Meyer Levin Week in Brooklyn, and a plaque was presented to the proud parents of the bombardier of the late Colin Kelly's plane.

George M. Cohan, the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the American stage who gave America its greatest song of the first World War, "Over There," died in his sleep at the age of 64. . . . Marian Anderson accepted the invitation of the Daughters of the American Revolution to sing for Army Emergency Relief at Constitution Hall in Washington.

Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, inspecting war plants, made news by praising the California climate. Said he: "In 25 years California is going to be the most populated state in the nation." . . . One of the last of the Mississippi River packets, the *Tennessee Belle*, burned and sank near Natchez.

There has been such a boom in the poultry market that turkey herders have been sleeping in the open with rifles at their sides, guarding their flocks. . . . The season's harvest of unshelled nuts reached 300 million pounds, compared with an average of 270 million a year for the last five years.

The 9,280-unit municipality being constructed for shipyard workers at Vancouver, Wash., on the outskirts of Portland, Oreg., was named "Vanport." . . . Three industrial chemists created "OD-30," a dry powder which will eliminate any odor that displeases, including garlic.

Box Score of November Election

	Governors Elected	Senators Elected
Alabama	Chauncey M. Sparks, D.	John H. Bankhead, D.*
Arizona	Sidney P. Osborn, D.*	
Arkansas	Homer M. Adkins, D.*	John L. McClellan, D.
California	Earl Warren, R.	
Colorado	John C. Vivian, R.	E. D. Millikan, R.* (s) E. C. Johnson, D.* (f)
Connecticut	Raymond E. Baldwin, R.	
Delaware		C. Douglass Buck, R.
Georgia	Ellis Arnall, D.	Richard B. Russell, D.*
Idaho	Chase A. Clark, D.† C. A. Bottolfsen, R.†	John Thomas, R.*
Illinois		C. Wayland Brooks, R.*
Iowa	B. B. Hickenlooper, R.	George A. Wilson, R.
Kansas	Andrew Schoeppel, R.	Arthur Capper, R.*
Kentucky		Albert B. Chandler, D.*
Louisiana		Allen J. Ellender, D.*
Maine	Sumner Sewall, R.*	Wallace H. White Jr., R.*
Maryland	Herbert R. O'Conor, D.*	
Massachusetts	Leverett Saltonstall, R.*	Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., R.*
Michigan	Harry F. Kelly, R.	Homer Ferguson, R.
Minnesota	Harold E. Stassen, R.*	Joseph H. Ball, R.*
Mississippi		James O. Eastland, D.
Montana		James E. Murray, D.*
Nebraska	Dwight Griswold, R.*	Kenneth S. Wherry, R.
Nevada	E. P. Carville, D.*	James G. Scrugham, D.
New Hampshire	Robert O. Blood, R.*	Styles Bridges, R.*
New Jersey		Albert W. Hawkes, R.
New Mexico	John J. Dempsey, D.	Carl A. Hatch, D.*
New York	Thomas E. Dewey, R.	
North Carolina		Josiah W. Bailey, D.*
North Dakota	John Moses, D.*	
Ohio	John W. Bricker, R.*	
Oklahoma	Robert S. Kerr, D.	Ed. H. Moore, R.
Oregon	Earl Snell, R.	Charles L. McNary, R.*
Pennsylvania	Edward Martin, R.	
Rhode Island	J. Howard McGrath, D.*	Theodore G. Green, D.*
South Carolina	Olin D. Johnston, D.	Burnet R. Maybank, D.*
South Dakota	M. Q. Sharpe, R.	Harlan J. Bushfield, R.
Tennessee	Prentice Cooper, D.*	Tom Stewart, D.*
Texas	Coke R. Stevenson, D.*	W. Lee O'Daniel, D.*
Vermont	William H. Wills, R.*	
Virginia		Carter Glass, D.*
West Virginia		Chapman Revercomb, R.
Wisconsin	Orland S. Loomis, P.	
Wyoming	Lester C. Hunt, D.	E. V. Robertson, R.

* Re-elected. † In doubt. (s) Short term. (f) Full term.

Yanks Get a Report from the Farm Front

NEW ALBANY, Ind.—By short-wave broadcast to U. S. armed forces everywhere, C. M. East, agricultural agent for Floyd County, told how it is on the farm this year. Describing his farm district as "that part of the Ohio Valley where, when you hear a man called a 'reformed Kentuckian,' you know he's either joined church or moved to Indiana," he said this:

"Things do look good around here. Wheat wasn't quite up to average, but it wasn't so bad at that; Fred Traub got just under a 28 bushel average. Pastures are the best we've had in years, and the milk cows don't need to be told what to do about it; you'd think they read the papers or listened to the radio, the way they're pouring the milk.

"We have the second best corn crop we've ever had, and that's good, for we certainly need it. There's a lot more livestock to be fed—more'n we've ever had before.

"A year ago not many farmers could have believed that we could furnish to industry and to the armed services as many workers as we have, and still keep up production. But we've done better'n that —we've increased it.

"I'll admit we've probably got more weeds in the fence rows than usual, but they've been kept out of the fields pretty well.

"I'll not kid you that you aren't being missed, for you are; but we are getting along. There's lots of work to do, and the important part's getting done. So, if it's any consolation to you, just remember that it won't be the fault of the folks back home if your stomach ever thinks your throat's cut."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

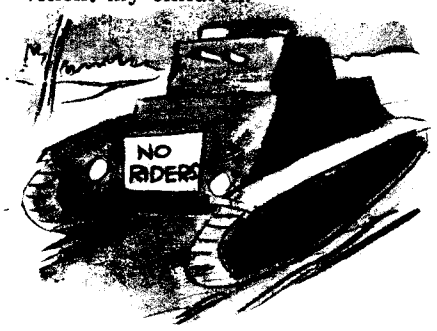
MAIN STREET

Atlanta, Ga. — Sara Richardson, who promised kisses to all who voted for her, was elected president of the freshman class at Atlanta Junior College. She paid off in candy kisses.

Kansas City, Mo.—When Mrs. Max Eichenberg refused to accept a $23,000 bequest from her brother—because she hadn't been on speaking terms with him—the law stepped in, held she would have to go to court to fight for the right to refuse it.

Chicago, Ill.—A businessman sued a local firm for $5,000 damages because its official greeter shook hands with him with such enthusiasm it caused a broken finger.

Miami, Fla. — Albert John Capone, Al's youngest brother, changed his name to Albert John Rayola "to benefit my children."

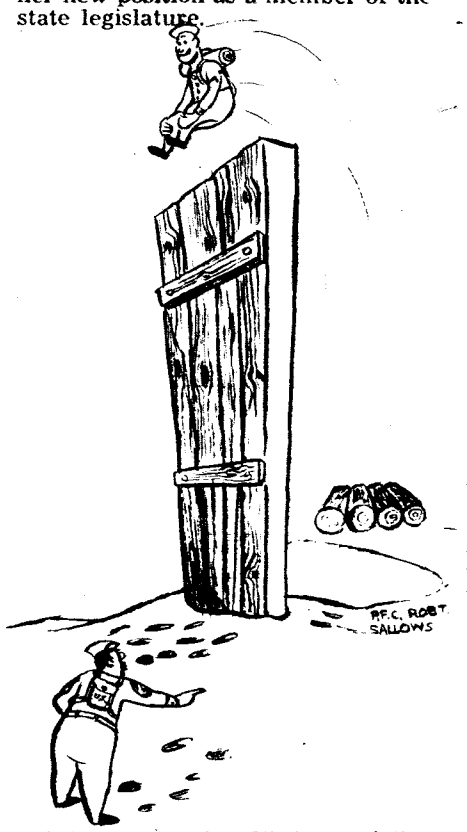


Mendota, Ill.—Delegates to the 7th Biennial Convention of the American Lutheran Church unanimously adopted a resolution refusing to uphold any conscientious objector who is subject to Selective Service and refuses to register or render service.

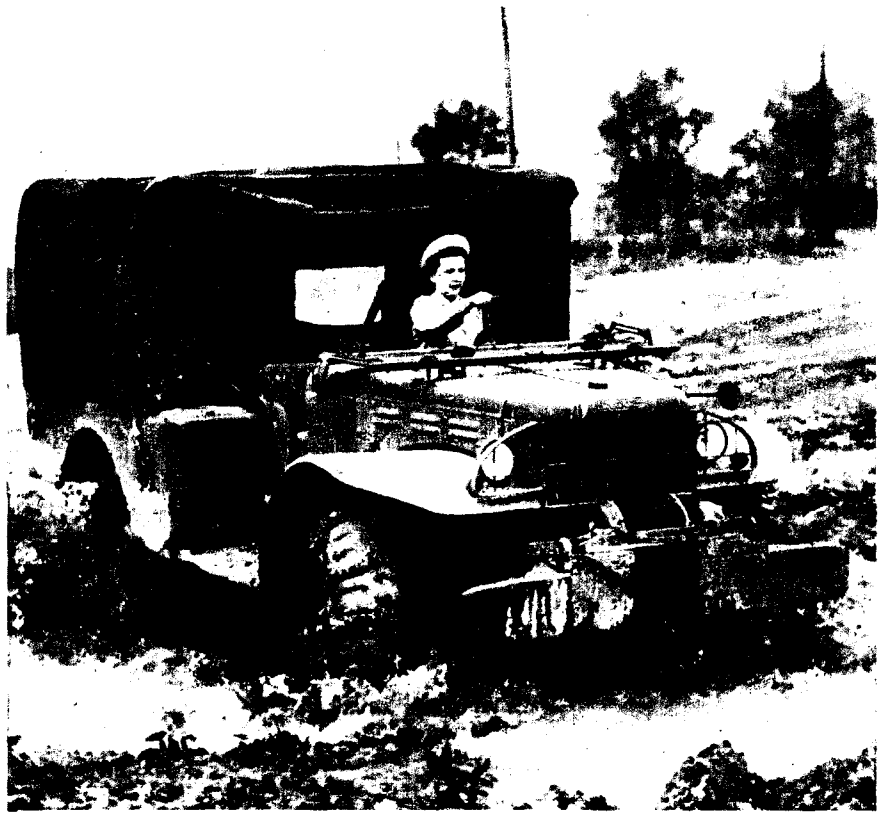
Philadelphia, Pa.—Stefan Heym, a German refugee author, told an audience at a book fair that a measuring stick on the value of a book should be whether Hitler would burn it. "If the answer is yes," said he, "then it's a book we should all read."

Hickory, N. C.—The designer of a perpetual-motion machine gave up his 30 years' work on which he had spent a fortune and contributed the three-ton machine to a scrap pile.

Uvalde, Tex. — Mrs. Florence Fenley, official sweetheart of the Old Trail Drivers Association, has abandoned her usual custom of riding her horse all the way from Uvalde to San Antonio and then into the lobby of the Hotel Gunter, where the pioneers organization holds its annual convention. She feels it would not be in keeping with the dignity of her new position as a member of the state legislature.



"No, no, Maguire. Climb over it."



FEMININE TOUCH. In a six-week maintenance course at the Ordnance Automotive School, Camp Holabird, Md., WAACs are taught, among other things, to drive vehicles under what must be considered unpleasant conditions. Here, Lt. Jessie Hogan does quite all right at the wheel of a heavy-weapon carrier.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Seeing H. W. McGee thundering along in a 1924 Stanley Steamer, helpful spectators summoned three fire companies, two trucks and a district fire chief.

Farewell Churn

Washington—U. S. patent No. 2,299,440 was issued on a new process to make butter out of cream without the laborious process of churning.

Instead of a churn, the process uses a boiler and a cream separator. The cream is mixed with water, heated and whirled (still hot) in the separator or in a specially designed centrifugal machine. The product that flows out contains 80 per cent butter fat, which classes it as high-grade butter.

Denver, Colo. — Francis Sargent fired a pistol at a collie which ran after his bicycle. Though he missed, Sargent was fined $100 for cruelty to animals—and stripped of his commission as voluntary officer for Child and Animal Protection.

Salem, Mass.—A pretty girl reported to police that someone called "yoo hoo" at her each night while she walked to work. It turned out to be an owl.

Chicago, Ill. — When Mrs. Vera McKittrick offered to give free baby buggies to the first 50 expectant mothers who claimed them, the wives of nearly a thousand service men showed up.

San Francisco, Calif. — Someone jacked up and stole, lock, stock and barrel, the real-estate office of Wayne W. Kite.

Birmingham, Ala.—A law-abiding dog gave birth to four pups in a wire wastebasket bearing the legend: "Place Litter Here."

New York, N. Y.—At evening rush hour at Eighth Avenue and 54th Street, a 3-year-old boy with a toy whistle raised such hob with traffic that he was taken to a police station.

San Francisco, Calif. — Superior Court Judges Alfred Fritz and I. L. Harris were haled before a Coast Guard officer and severely lectured for fishing in a restricted area.

Santa Fe, N. M.—J. D. Wilkerson had to delay hunting a war job long enough to have his hand bandaged. He explained he was playing Ozark Mountain music when his musical saw broke.

Detroit, Mich. — After delivering mail for more than 20 years, tired Edward J. Connelly developed the habit of dumping all heavy third-class matter into a wastebasket. Surprised while disposing of 269 such pieces, he was put under $500 bond and held for a grand jury on a charge of "obstructing and retarding U.S. mail."

Maplewood, N. J.—When his landlady told him there was a burglar in the yard, Patrolman Richard Schneider phoned for a policeman. While police came and searched the premises, Schneider watched them from a second-floor window. He was suspended from the force for "neglect of duty."

Cleveland, Ohio — As members of the AFL Hotel and Apartment Service Workers' Union, employees of the Park Villa, residential hotel, went on strike for a union shop and higher wages. The hotel is owned by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which charged the hotel union lacked a majority and added: "We pay our help well."

Washington, D. C.—David Zimmerman, operating a steam shovel on a government construction project, was so rushed that he couldn't take time out for the chow his wife brought out to him. "You've got to eat," said Mrs. Zimmerman. "Show me how to run that thing, and I'll take over while you eat." He did show her and she caught on so quickly she is now a member of Engineers Local No. 77, working on war construction jobs with her husband.

Kansas City, Mo.—A crusty-voiced man called Chief of Police Harold Anderson's office and said he wanted to be a volunteer patrolman on election day. "I'm tired of doing housework all the time," he explained.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — When Mrs. Cordelia Driscol was stopped by a radio patrol car after her car had hit another automobile, she asked police: "Was I driving the car? I thought my son was driving." There was no one else in the car.

Ducking the Draft

Los Angeles—Garry H. Dean, who wanted to join the Navy, heard he would need a birth certificate. So he got one, and showed up with it at recruiting headquarters.

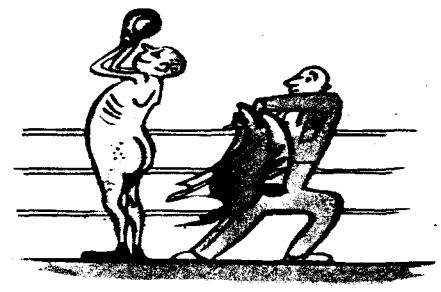
It proved he was born all right—11 years ago.

COMPANY STREET

They can't cuss the bugler at **Fort Des Moines,** Iowa. The bugler is a lady—22-year-old Donna Mae Baldenecker of St. Paul Park, Minn., a trumpet player of eight years' experience and a WAAC. . . . At **Fort Grabb,** N. C., Pfc. Ermono Pietrieni got a cake with green icing and 26 candles, served at noon mess on his birthday. His family sent the money to the company cook through the Red Cross. . . . Pvt. Thomas B. Young, a full-blooded Chippewa, walked 45 miles to enlist at **Fort Sheridan,** Ill.

During hard-hitting games designed to make men tough, Pvt. Phillip Price, camp bugler at **Atlantic City ACRTC,** was carried from the field with a broken leg. Nobody knows who kicked him. . . . Pvt. Sherlock Holmes has been assigned to a Military Police battalion at **Fort Lewis,** Wash. . . . "I knew she'd write," gloated an excited corporal, waving a scented letter at disappointed soldiers at a **Fort Greely,** Alaska, mail call. This is what she had written: "Dear Corporal: When do I get that $5 you borrowed when you were in Wyoming?"

Pvt. Harry Rudolph, 63, who served in the Spanish-American War, gave up a veteran's pension and underwent an operation on both legs to join the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command at **Sheppard Field,** Tex. . . . Jeeps at **Camp Kohler,** Calif., get $5 to carry them until their first pay day. . . . At **Camp Upton, N. Y.,** a noncom asked a selectee why he had saluted an officer with his left hand. The recruit replied that he had to salute with his left hand because his right hand was in his pants pocket.



Pvts. Tarzan Roy and Lester Blackwell of **Camp Pickett,** Va., rubbed their shoes in resin dust and danced impatiently while waiting the starting gong for their main bout on fight night. Then, when their handlers slipped the chairs out of the ring and whisked away their towels and bathrobes, the mixed crowd of enlisted men, officers and guests, gasped—Tarzan Roy had forgotten to wear his boxing trunks.

Camp Chaffee, Ark., reports that a nearby village has an inn so tough that it's even off-limits for the MPs. . . . At **Camp Livingston,** La., Sgt. Robert Sullivan, grandson of John L., gives rifle instruction to Pvt. John W. York, cousin of Sgt. Alvin C. York. . . . Back at **Camp Barkeley,** Texas, after three months of teaching the WAACs, S/Sgt. William James says: "You know, the women complain about the rough parts of army life in much the same respect as enlisted men. No cussing though, at least when men are around."

Short Story: Last Spring Harley J. Dewey, 53, enlisted for Army service. A son, Lindon, had died on Bataan; three other sons were in the Army and a fourth was in the Navy; a daughter was an Army nurse. During the Summer, he became a corporal. It was then he wrote to his home-town paper, the Adrian (Mich.) *Telegram,* that he was "the loneliest man" at **Camp Pickett,** Va. In a few weeks he received 865 letters. One was from Mrs. Inez Bracey, operator of a nursing home at Weston, Mich. On furlough last week Cpl. Dewey married Mrs. Bracey, who says: "He's not the loneliest man in camp any more."

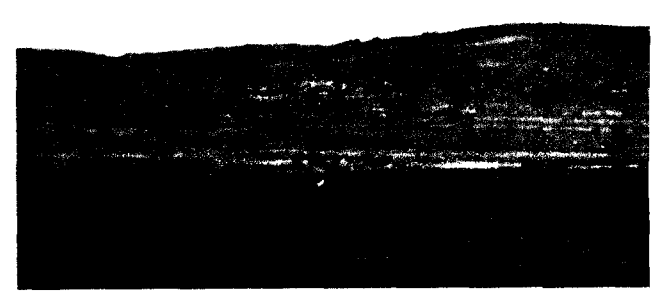
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sleeping Bu

With one hand ready to grab his pistol belt and holster, Maj. Gen. Ralph Royce takes a short rest on an operational flight somewhere over the South Seas area. War in the Pacific means constant readiness. Generals can't afford to sleep long.

Actress Claire Luce returns America from England, load with insignia from soldiers she'd been entertaini

FRONT LINE CHOW. A Marine eats a speedy meal on Guadalcanal. Sitting on top of a trench, he can't afford to linger over lunch.

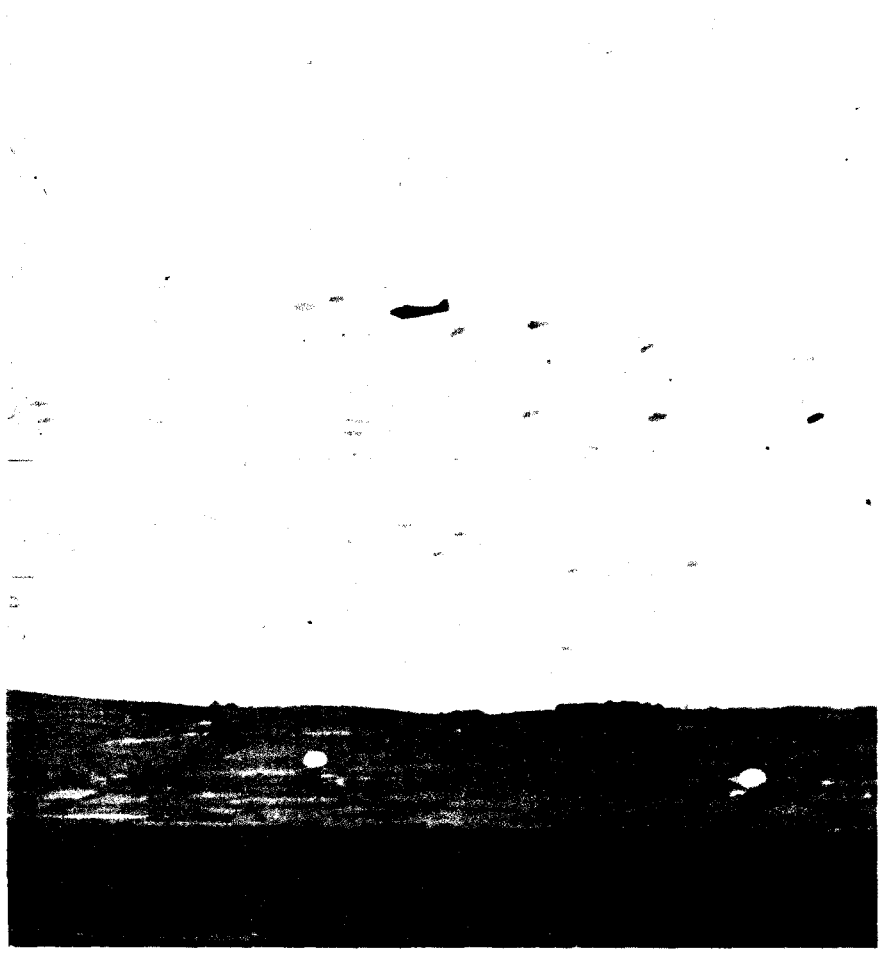


A FLIGHT OF PARACHUTE

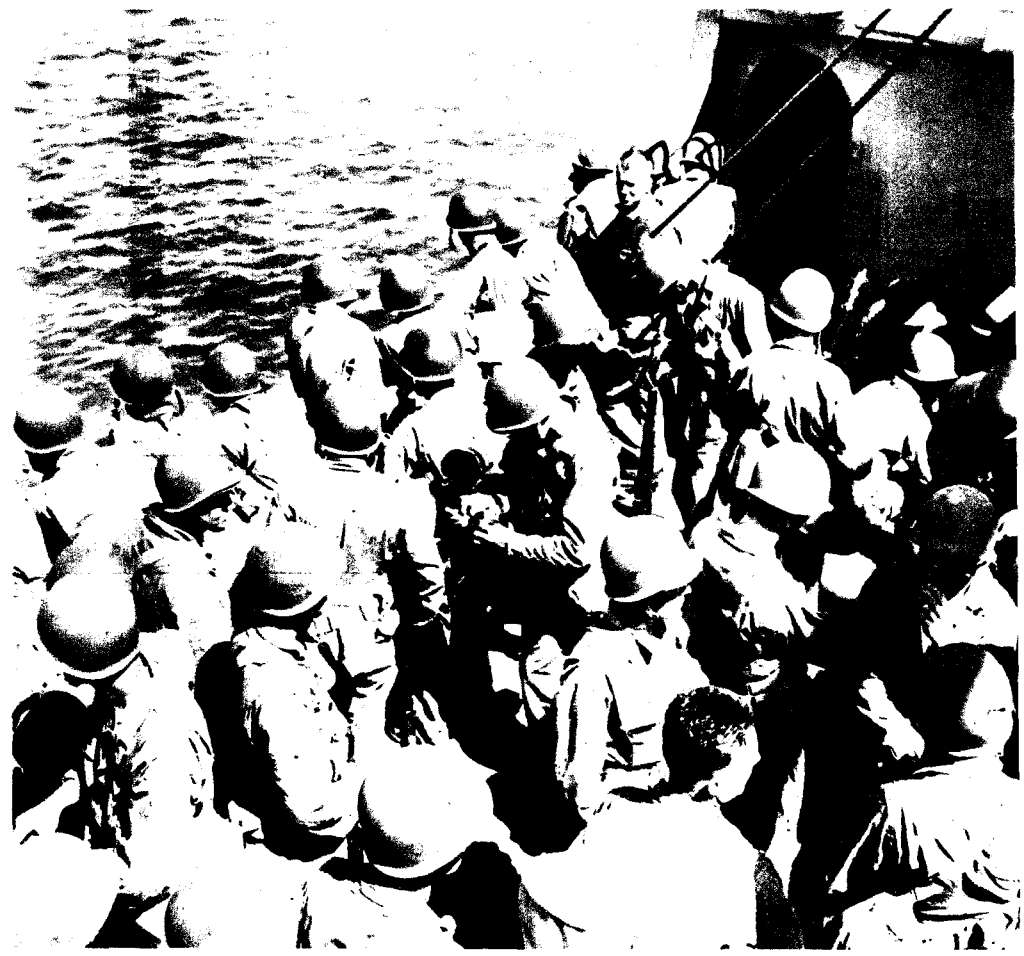
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. soldiers in the Caribbean area peg down their shelter halves. Wet heat and armies of bugs make sleeping tough, but they go through it, to keep that frontier safe.

This gallery of shapely gams is being played over with a paint-spray gun to create the illusion of stockings. No more runs for the duration for this war-wise octet of Hollywood chorus cuties.

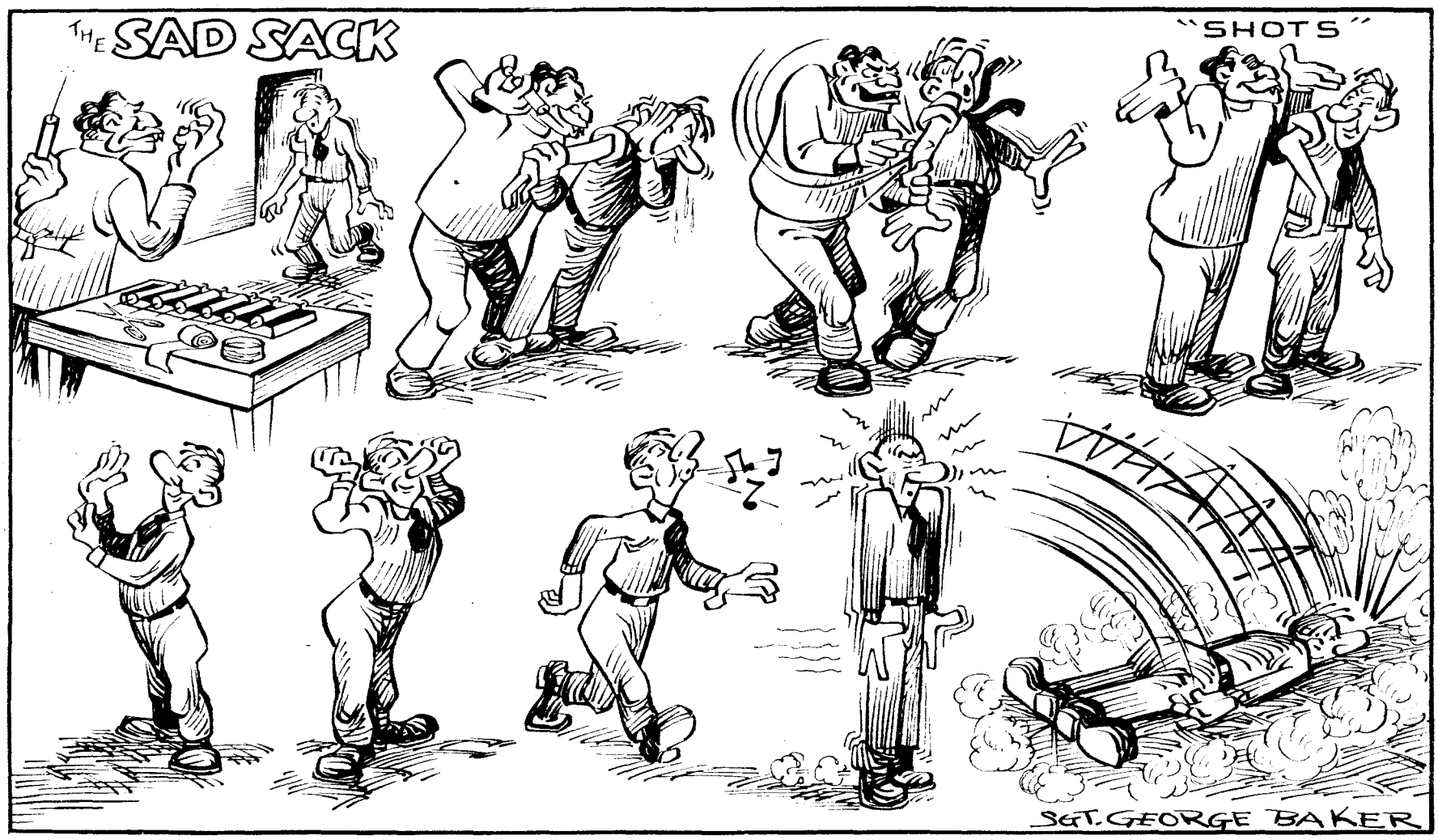


Dotting the sky over Ireland, a flock of U.S. paratroopers have jumped out of troop-carrying planes and gently drop toward Ould Erin's sod.



Troops of a U.S. Army task force check their equipment en route from New Caledonia to the Solomons.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BETWEEN the LINES

THAT LONG-DISTANCE PHONE CALL

Pvt. Snodgrass of Walla Walla, Wash., telephones home from the Air Forces Replacement Center, Miami Beach, Fla. After having waited an hour and 45 minutes for a vacant 'phone booth, Pvt. Snodgrass finally puts through his call to his home in Walla Walla:

PVT. SNODGRASS: Hello! Hello! Is that you, Mom? . . . Hello, is that . . . Hello! Hello! [*A squadron of AT-6s flying in formation makes it impossible to hear anything but a squadron of AT-6s.*] Is that you, Mom? . . . Hello! Hello! How are you, Mom? How's Gertrude? I'm calling from Miami Beach, Mom. Speak louder, Mom! How's Gertrude? [*Here there is a gurgling sound on the line, like the sound of water going down the drain of a bathtub.*] Hello, Mom! No, I don't need any foot powder. I said speak louder! How is everything at home, Mom? How's Gertrude?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: [*Cutting in*] Are you the party who was trying to put through a call to Presque Isle, Maine?

PVT. SNODGRASS: Will you kindly keep off the line, operator? I'm trying to talk to Walla Walla, Wash.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Sorry, sir . . . all Washington trunk lines are busy.

PVT. SNODGRASS: Operator, operator! I don't want Washington. I'm talking to Walla Walla . . . How's Gertrude? I mean, get off the line, operator. . . . Hello, Mom! Are you still there? . . . Hello! Hello! Say, Mom, don't keep saying hello! I wanted to ask you, how's Gertrude? Can you hear me, Mom?

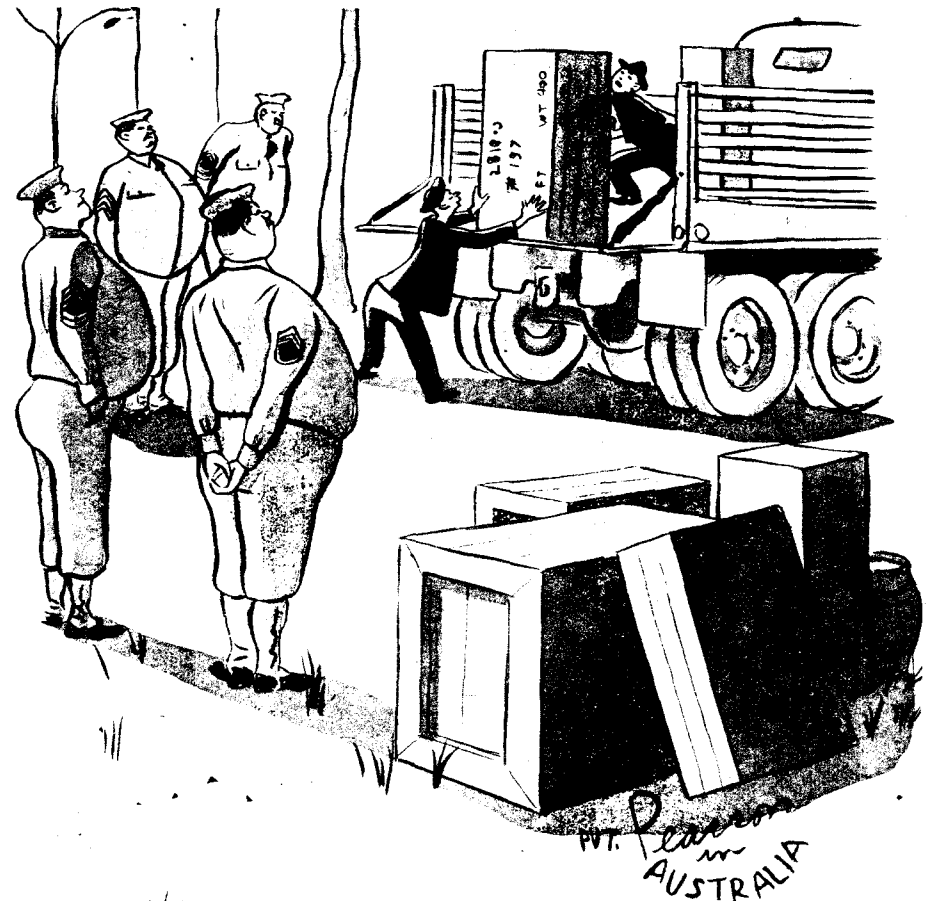
TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Deposit $4.35 please! [*Pvt. Snodgrass ignores this request entirely.*]

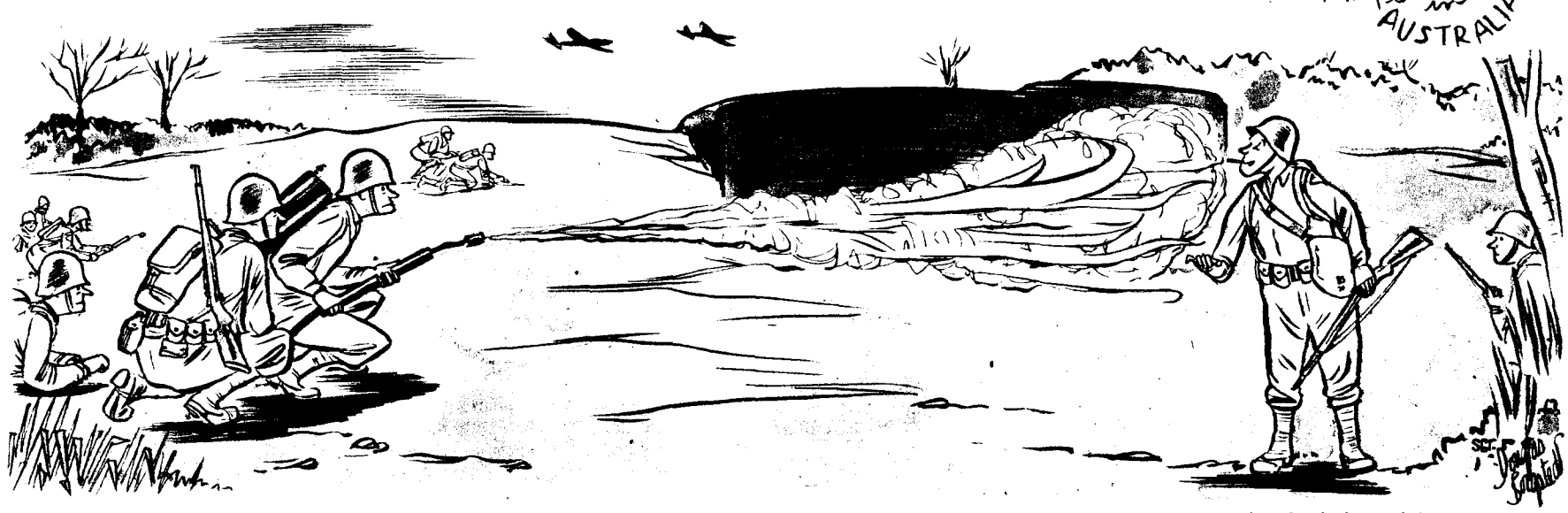
PVT. SNODGRASS: Hello, Mom! How's everything? . . . How's Gertrude?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Hello, sir. . . . I'm still trying to get your call through to Tuscon, Ariz.

PVT. SNODGRASS: Well, Mom, I guess time's up. Remember me to Gertrude. Oh, I meant to ask you, Mom. . . . [*At this point he gets cut off for good, and leaves the phone booth still wondering how Gertrude is.*]

SGT. BROOKS ASHLEY
SPENCE FIELD, GA.





"Thanks for the light, pal!"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 23
NOV. 18, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

STRICTLY G.I.

PX Santa Claus

TO EASE the burden of the civilian populace, which doesn't even have recourse to chaplains, the War Department has cooked up a Santa-Claus arrangement with the Army Exchange Service. Soldiers overseas may send Christmas gifts back home out of a catalogue.

The Post Exchange has the catalogues, listing several hundred gift choices. You fill out the order blank with your name and grade, the name and address of the lucky civilian, the catalogue number of the item and its price. Then you turn over the blank to the Post Exchange officer and be at ease.

Arrangements have been made so that soldiers may order flowers which will be delivered on Christmas Day in any part of the U. S.

Mail Report

Mail sent overseas for the first 25 days of October: 3,396 tons, including over 1,000,000 Christmas parcels. Current flow of Christmas packages: 350,000 a day.

Deadline on packages to soldiers within the continental limits is Dec. 1.

Draft

Our long-sought draft board story came up this week. The Hollywood board walked out in a three-man huff when higher headquarters reclassified 30 of their registrants as 1-A. Said the trio, peevishly splitting an infinitive, "We have decided that our judgment to properly classify registrants has become passé." Passé, according to our dictionary, means "having lost the freshness and beauty of the prime."

The Women

A second and larger training school for WAACs is being opened at Daytona, Fla., to supplement the one at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. There'll be room enough for 6,000 trainees.

To entertain U. S. service men and merchant mariners, "to say nothing of the United Nations visiting forces," we have a new woman's organization—The War Agency Girls Society. Abbreviation: WAGS.

Biology

Columbia University anthropologists made ready to investigate draft board records to find out why there's more: heart trouble and flat feet from the Northwest, bad teeth and short stature from New England, goiter from the Great Lakes region, blindness from Texas, mental disorders from Maine and the South, deafness in the Northwest and New England, underweight from California and the East Coast, and tallness from the Northwest and the Southern mountain areas.

Engineers

The 1,671-mile Alcan Highway from Dawson Creek, Canada, to Fairbanks, Alaska, is now open. Army Engineers—10,000 of them—did the job in six months, which means an average of eight miles a day. The boys had to bridge 200 streams.

Statistics

War Department figures show that the Army now has 50,000 teenage men (18 and 19). Of these, 200 are officers, 200 more are in OCS and 5,000 are noncoms. One armored division has 213 men under 20, of whom two are staff sergeants, eight sergeants, 21 corporals and 23 pfcs.

Man-Eaters

News that the QMC is arranging to distribute a new insect bar, which will tuck in under shelter-tent walls and try to keep out sandflies and mosquitoes, will probably be welcomed in New Guinea, where the No. 1 song on the hit parade is an Australian lament entitled "The Man-Eating Mossies of Moresby." Chorus:

"The man-eating mossies of Moresby,
They're big and their beaks are so sharp.
A nibble or two and you're just about through
And maybe you're playing a harp.
We don't care a rap for the bastardly Jap;
We'll fight him as all dinkum Aussies.
But, Lord up above, if your children you love,
Why on earth did you ever make mossies?"

Attainment

Recognition comes at last to the Army mail clerk, who is elevated now from the grade of private to the position of technician-fifth.

Vacation Pay

Under a new decree of President Getulio Vargas, all Brazilian draftees will get half their civilian salaries in addition to their G.I. pay. The dinero comes from their old employers, who will be forced to shell out 50 per cent for the entire time their employees are in the Army.

Culture

The *Saturday Review of Literature* reports a private who wrote in to a book publisher praising Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." "It helped me a great deal to win friends in the U. S. Army," he wrote, and added wistfully, "Will you please send C.O.D. anything you have on the Sex Technique?"

ROUND ONE—AFRICA

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Bombs With Teeth

Cpl. Bernie Abrahams, of the Royal Regiment of Toronto, tells of an air-raid warden trying to hustle an English woman out of her home into a shelter during a bombing.

"Wait till I find my teeth," said the woman.

"What do you think they're dropping, lady, sandwiches?"

Flash—Germans Love Semites

Embarrassed Nazi racial theorists have recently discovered that the Arabs, with whom they are very anxious to make friends, are a Semitic people. This is how the squirming Prof. Walter Gross, director of the Racial Bureau of the National Socialist Party, explains the difference, over the Berlin radio:

"The expression anti-Semitism which had been used in Europe to designate the anti-Jewish movement is incorrect. The Semitic Arabian people and their language and culture have always aroused the affectionate interest of German science."

Beef—Well Done

After the RAF bombed a war plant in the Danish town of Skive, Propagandist Goebbels issued a communique stating that there was no damage except one cow was hit. The local paper obediently carried the German communique, adding only:

"The cow has been burning for four days."

Willkie's Desperate Journey

From a Japanese short-wave broadcast from Okazaki:

"The American Air Force in China does not even have the courage to engage in guerrilla bombing attacks. It does not even try. It was because of this sort of difficulty that Willkie was instructed to hurry desperately to China. In other words, he was sent in order to have America saved by China."

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

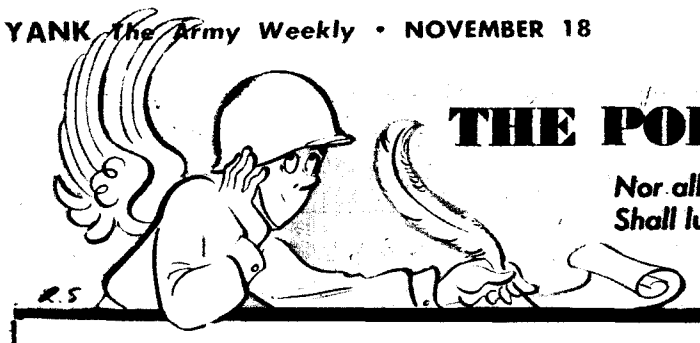
Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Australia: Sgt. Dave Richardson; Cpl. Claude Ramsey.
Southwest Pacific: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr.
Caribbean: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.
Hawaii: Cpl. James E. Page.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Yeo. 3-c. Robert L. Schwartz.

Officer in Charge, Major Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Lt. Sam Humphrus; Officer in Charge for England, Lt. Col. Egbert White.

EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Praise the Army Class'fication:
Fits each man to his vocation—
To the job he did before.
Clerk, with little hesitation,
Gets an HQ situation—
He makes staff or maybe more.

If he blew a tune symphonic,
To the Army he's a tonic—
Bandsman now, and PFC.
If he cooked for Casey's Diner,
Nothing really could be finer—
Sergeant of the mess is he.

If he toyed with dots and dashes,
Split the ether with his flashes—
He's in Signal now—Tech 3rd.
If he worked for Clancy's Trucking,
Now for the garage he's bucking—
Making corporal, so we heard.

Butcher, baker, candlemaker,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, faker,
Get their jobs and rank, you see.
Here's the newsman's situation:
Runs the weekly publication,
Always stays a P-V-T!

PVT. JOHN L. DOUGHERTY
FORT NIAGARA *Drum*
FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.

"GEE!"

I looked long and lovingly at her
And touched her gently with care.
Gee, she sho' is a beaut!
The answer to a soldier's prayer!
My heart beat very strangely;
I just had to feel her!
"Hey soldier, come over here.
Look, an electric spud peeler!"

PVT. RALPH ALFORD
FORT MYERS, FLA.

THE INNOCENTS

They call us mechanics
With a high I.Q.
But we really don't know
A bolt from a screw.

We march like farmers
And eat like a horse.
We're the pride and joy
Of the Army Air Force.

RAYMOND A. CRABTREE
GOLDSBORO (N. C.) AIR BASE

A CENSOR'S WOES

I am a censor, and oh! what a curse;
Of all of my jobs, this is the worst.
I read these letters till far in the night,
And one in a hundred is probably right.
I hack and I cut with my trusty blade
As on through the mountains of mail I wade.
There are letters to sweethearts, friends, and wives;
It's strange to know intimately so many lives.
I read of their 'plaints, ambitions and dreams,
Of their sorrows, loves, and of their schemes.
Here I must cut for he mentions the rain,
Another slice out for he talks of terrain.
Another deletion—he wrote of a date!
Must out again; says "shipments are late."
Enclosed is a picture that cannot be sent
For in it there shows one each G.I. tent.
The letter's in ribbons—it's cut full of rents;
To whom it's addressed, 'twill never make sense.
Hundreds of letters I sign, seal and stamp;
At the end of the day, I've got writers' cramp.
I've done my job well, at least so I feel,
But gad! Here's another I have yet to seal.
I'm tired and I'm weary, I'll give this one hell;
Who'd write such drivvel? Please pray me tell.
Well, this letter's censored, in full, goodness knows,
All's gone but "dearest" and "with love I close."
This is the worst I have seen in my life,
What's this? Ye gods! From me to my wife!

1ST LT. GEORGE A. GILLESPIE
AUSTRALIA

Words Across The Sea

Sgt. Arthur L. McCarty of Lubbock, Texas, wants the all-important intelligence transmitted to his old college chum, Cpl. Oscar (Pete) Woodson, that "Texas Tech now plays teams in the Southwest Conference." Last heard from, Cpl. Woodson was in Australia. Sgt. McCarty is still with the 131st Field Artillery at Camp Edwards, but he's sure Pete will know what his heart is deep in the heart of.

Pfc. Hal Duncan, ASN 20757782, APO 939, Seattle, Wash., wants to find two former friends from his outfit who are now in the Navy: Huey (Happy) Murphy and Leon P. Reeves. Hal wrote us sometime in October. Will readers please tip off Murphy and Reeves, if known to them?

Cpl. Charles Schouw is one of a pair of brothers from Brooklyn who have become corporals for Uncle Sam in distant corners of the war world. He says he is working harder now at Camp Edwards (Mass.) Outpost with the Engineer Amphibian Command than he ever did as a sand-blaster. He wants to know if his brother, Cpl. George, is "finding things as tough at APO 919 as they were at the Edison outfit."

Sgt. John Perry, 23, of Fort Jay, N. Y., has been in the service for 15 months. He'd like to get this message to Sgt. George Jessen in Australia: "Sgt. Lyman is married at last and lives on the post at Fort Jay. He mentioned your last letter to him and gave me his address. I'll write to you at once. Hope to be with you soon to help give 'em hell."

Pfc. A. E. Shanafelt, 321st Service Sq., Harding Field, Baton Rouge, La., is trying to find R. L. McClure, ASN 18085190 of Waco, Okla., Ted Sims of Sheppard Field, Texas, and Danny Thomson of Moscow, Idaho. The last letter Shanafelt got had the address trimmed off by the censors and he's plenty burned up.

Pvt. Zenon Wisniewski used to aim a mean paint-spray gun in a Detroit plant. Now he sprays his throat between phone calls at the Camp Edwards (Mass.) Locator Center. To his old pal, Gene Caton of Rapid City, S. D., who used to be a specialist third class, and who is now with an Engineer detachment somewhere in Ireland, Pvt. Wisniewski reports: "I'm out of the hospital now. Hope I can join the boys soon."

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

I'm just a plain private from Brooklyn, the best borough in the world, but we all get fooled once. I had an experience the first day I got to Jefferson Barracks. The sergeant told us we were going to have a G.I. party in our barracks so we hurried and got into our dress uniforms, shaved, shined our shoes and, thinking we would have lots to eat, missed our supper. We had our G.I. party but not the one we thought. It turned out to be scrubbing the barracks on our hands and knees. The other boys rib us and ask us to go to one of their G.I. parties.

PVT. VINCENT ALAMIO
JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

Dear YANK:

I read your article on Service Men's Dependent's Allowance Act. There are a few things I would like to know. First of all, what procedure do you follow in order to get the money that you have anted up? I have been putting up my $22 a month and to date I have not received any word as to when it will be paid. I wouldn't say a word if my wife didn't need the money. Other units of the Army have been paid off but the 3rd Armored Division has not. My wife believes that I haven't made the allotment and I want to know how to get the money for she does need it. Give me full details as to the way of getting the allotment to her.

CPL. A. J. ARNOLD
INDIO (CALIF.) DESERT MANEUVERS

There are lots of things that may be delaying your dough. It takes time to verify and review claims, and the War Department is very careful on this. If by chance your application is disapproved, take the disapproval to your personnel officer and he will see that any deductions from your pay are made up. We're writing you directly on this.

DEAR YANK:

Can you send me a description of glider pilot training, the qualifications, physical and mental, and how an EM can apply? I know an EM here with 130 hours of flying time.

CPL. A. E. PIESNER
FORT LEONARD WOOD, MO.

You must be between 18 and 35, pass a stiff physical exam, and have eyes that rate no worse than 20/40 without glasses correctible to 20/20. Also, the minimum aerial requirements for class A training include, among many other things, completion of 200 or more glider flights, or at least 50 hours of flying time. We're writing you more fully on this.

DEAR YANK:

I hear songs of the Air Force "glamor" boys, the Navy "girl-in-every-port" boys, the Marine "we-grant-permission-to-the-sun-to-shine" boys, and the Tankers, Paratroopers, Commandos and all the others. However, no one seems to remember one of the oldest, toughest, smartest, gentlemanliest outfits in any fighting force in the world, the *Engineers*.

I see many drinks called the Commando Special, the Paratroop Special, the Air Force Fizzle (pardon me—Fizz) and other specials. I have asked bartenders at various bars in many places in the world to mix me a drink as follows: A jigger of brandy, a jigger of gin, and a jigger of creme de menthe (green) with just enough ginger ale to fill two cocktail glasses. I have called this the "Royal Nonsuch" and "Swamp Water" for want of a better name, but now I believe it should become internationally known as the "Engineer."

It is to be definitely understood that Engineers are not heavy drinkers; they are just drinking gentlemen like Washington, Hamilton, Lee, Grant, the Roosevelts and many more.

Engineers, I give you the Engineer! When the Marines guard the streets of heaven, we'll have built them.

1st LT. ARTHUR E. BLECHA
ALASKA DEFENSE COMMAND

DEAR YANK:

Why should we of the Army and Marines have to stand by and see our own buddies and even members of our own families in the Coast Guard and Navy promoted in rank just because they passed examinations that we couldn't take?

I am quite positive that nearly 100 per cent of the Army and Marines would like to have our methods of promotion go on a competitive-examination basis. Our morale would hit a new high, as would our efficiency.

PVT. ALFRED R. PETERSEN
LINCOLN (NEBR.) AIR BASE

DEAR YANK:

Your weekly is terrific. That "Blues In Berlin" lyric was especially interesting. [YANK July 8].

What I would like to see YANK sponsor is a marching song. That is the only thing lacking now and should not be overlooked

PVT. HERBERT H. NICHOLS
SOUTH PACIFIC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SADLY THE TROUBADOUR . . .

Lyrics by CPL. MARION HARGROVE

Lantern-Slides by SGT. RALPH STEIN

If the Army of the U. S. ever breaks into open rebellion or goes over the hill in a body, it will be because the War Department won't ban guitars and accordions from the baggage of incoming recruits.

There are some few members of the military who don't go into town every night to drink beer or chase luscious young womanhood or slug it out with the MPs. There are some home-loving souls who don't even go over to the Service Club. They want only to sit in the quiet of their barracks or their tents, writing to the near and dear ones at home or just reading their comic books in peace and serenity.

Invariably, just as darkness falls, their quiet is disturbed by the twang of a git-fiddle or the unhappy wail of an a-cordeen, accompanied by a nasal back-country voice that goes:

"Oh, she taken my pore heart
And she broken it in two
An' left me hyurr a-pinin' fer
That triflin' Lola Lou!
Oh, git on down; oh, git on down!"

Men have grown mad and run screaming out into the night after hearing these unearthly lamentations for periods of less than an hour. A technical sergeant at Fort Ethan Allen is said to have been driven out of his senses by them to such an extent that he spent all his pay (including longevity) buying cigarettes for privates first class.

Then there are persistent rumors, still going strong after two years, about a first lieutenant at Fort Uachuca, Ariz., who was so rattled by continued exposure to a barracks troubadour that he gave out furloughs at the rate of three a week until he was taken away in the quilted buggy.

This is not to say that all barracks musicians are guitarists or accordionists. Some companies in the Army have men who drive their fellows to the peace and quiet of the guardhouse with stronger measures. These are men with saxophones, men with tubas, men with fully-equipped one-man bands. But no matter how loud their clamor or how brassy their tone, these squad-room squawkers can't hold a tuning-fork to the weeping willies—the menaces with squeeze-boxes and git-tars.

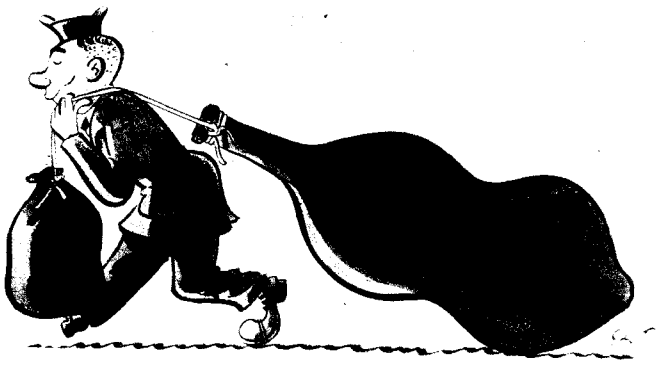
Where these unhappy minstrels come from is a mystery. What can be done with them is a problem faced by almost every outfit in the Army.

Kindness can't deal with them. Tender-hearted souls the world over have tried selling them on the idea of taking their guitars and accordions over to the Service Club to perform in public. Service Club hostesses drive them away, telling them their talents are needed at home.

Simple expedients of the milder variety are of no avail. Kindly barracks orderlies try such methods as pouring cups of water into the instruments during the morning hours—to get the things out of tune—but the troubadours play on. They have no ear for tone. It only makes things harder for the listeners.

Strong-arm tactics are equally hopeless. When beaten within inches of their lives the barracks meistersingers bear it philosophically and inject it into their music as pathos.

"I don't reckon nobody loves me;
"I don't reckon noooobody cares;
Lordy, I'm a lonesome loverrr—"



The baggage of incoming recruits.

Even if you were to burn down the barracks over their heads, they would emerge from the ashes singing songs of faith and hope.

Can anything be done about them? It can.

Some sympathetic secretary to one of the higher-ups in the War Department could put this suggestion up to the General Staff:

Organize all the barracks troubadors into one huge tactical organization to hover close to the front lines. There they could be of tremendous value in harassing and demoralizing the enemy.

Even if something went wrong and the plan failed to work out, there would be at least one consolation for us and the troubadours. We would know that they went down bravely and nobly in the line of duty.

"This is not to say that all barracks musicians are guitarists or accordionists."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY. The authorities are cracking down on the new shows that have brought back burlesque under the guise of legitimate attractions. One is already in the courts as a test case, and if cast and producer are found guilty a wave of closings is expected. . . . Wives left behind for the duration have organized Broadway War Brides, Inc., which gets together a weekly news letter of gossip for husbands in the service. . . . Most promising play being written seems to be the one by Jed Harris, Ben Hecht and Nunnally Johnson, three top names in show business. . . . Reports on Thornton Wilder's new play, "Skin of Your Teeth" with Tallulah Bankhead, indicate a futuristic pattern with the stage turned into a madhouse.

Tallulah Bankhead

MUSIC. Artie Shaw, who enlisted in the Navy as a seaman, is now chief petty officer. . . . Kay Kyser's recording of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" is in such great demand that the manufacturer can't make the discs fast enough. . . . Howard Wellman, trumpeter with Tommy Tucker, got a sock in the eye, a ride on a garbage truck, and a few hours in jail before he was able to retrieve the trumpet his 8-year-old son gave to the local scrap drive. . . . The girls who lead rhumba orchestras seem to pick the same sort of names. Narita, Jovita, and Dacita all wave batons for different bands. . . . Latest musical author is Jane Froman, who is penning a book on will power, with special emphasis on how she conquered stammering.

Jane Froman

HOLLYWOOD. Good news for Alice Faye fans. She is back before the cameras after a long 18 months. . . . Look for the Crosby Quintet on your hit parade 20 years hence. Bing now has four children, and a fifth is on the way. . . . Joan Leslie, who still goes to school, claims that she memorizes history dates during those long kisses in front of the cameras. . . . An English film, "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing," is the new thriller-diller. . . . Irene Dunne will take up where Myrna Loy left off in the "Thin Man" series. She will play opposite William Powell in the next. . . . Latest word on the shortage of movie leading men is that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck, who has seen 50 summers, has been signed by one studio as a romantic leading man.

Alice Faye

HERE AND THERE. The Singer Sewing Machine Company reports that the first stop sailors make at foreign ports is the local Singer office, where they get the girls to sew on the stripes they have just earned. . . . Canada will have "This Is the Army" as a radio show which later will tour and then go to England. . . . "Red, White, and Khaki," an all-soldier revue staged by the men of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center at Montgomery, Ala., starts out on five nightly bond-selling stands through Mississippi. Pvt. Morris Efron wrote the show. . . . Latest recruit to go to war in the pages of a book is Topper, who will be revived for the duration in a book called "Thorne Smith's Topper Goes To War," by Norman Matson.

Maria Montez

The luscious lady who is pictured on the opposite page has her first starring role in Universal's Technicolor film "Arabian Nights." Maria is Spanish, which probably accounts for those eyes.

GWEN THROWS A MEAN PARTY

ON THE stage as Janie in a play called "Janie," Gwen Anderson throws a party for some soldiers. She throws the party (she thinks) for four soldiers, but around 200 show up, plus a red-headed sailor. The party is what you would expect. The G.I.s find Pop's best bourbon, the neighbors call up to register a kick, the cops descend and, in the middle of it all, Janie's family arrives to put her in the coldest corner of the dog house.

The funny thing is that young Anderson, who is 21 and has big brown eyes and a shape to remember on the 4-to-6 guard trick, could probably throw just such a party to perfection in real life. She likes us.

She started getting conscious of soldiers on a train from Iowa to New York. She was on the train because she wanted to have a try at the New York stage. She was born and bred in Des Moines and she'd had a yen for acting ever since her tot days.

Ever since her tot days her friends and neighbors had laughed off her ambition. "Gwen'll grow out of it," they said. And Gwen laughed dutifully with them, and kept her conviction that she was going to be an actress.

She went normally from tot to brat, and then to high school. She was still going to be an actress. The friends and neighbors still laughed.

She went to Pasadena, Calif., to dramatic school. She played stock at Santa Monica with Judith Anderson. She appeared in "The Constant Wife" with Vincent Price. But the friends and neighbors still had their chuckles.

Then came the trip to New York and you can guess who's chuckling now. Gwen walked into the casting of "Janie." In less time than it takes to laugh back at a friend or neighbor, Gwen *was* Janie and doing very nicely with audience applause and good press notices.

To get back to that Iowa-New York train —there was khaki on it. "There were two of the nicest bombardiers from Roswell, N. M.," she recalls. "The whole train was like that. It was simply crammed with the *loveliest* soldiers. . . ."

Gwen Anderson.

New York is like that, too.

"Millions of soldiers here," Gwen says. "From camps all around and on furlough and everything. The other night I met an Eskimo. He's a soldier, too."

NOW you can tell the Axis Big Shots what you think of 'em!

ENTER "Nuts to the Axis" Contest. YANK will broadcast the winning messages.

100 FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO YANK

HERE'S HOW

1. Clip the coupon and fill it in with your name, serial number and Army address. You must use one of these coupons in order to enter the contest.

2. Write a message to Hitler, to Mussolini or to Tojo on one of the subjects listed at the right. The message can be anywhere from 10 to 200 words and must be in suitable language for publication and broadcasting. (We know it's a tough order, soldier, but no cussing!)

3. Mail your message with the coupon to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, before midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. "V" mail's a good bet if you're overseas.

"NUTS TO THE AXIS" CONTEST closes midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. All letters must be postmarked on or before that date.

That's all there is to it. You don't have to be a professional writer or a college professor. Literary style won't mean a thing. If your "Nuts to the Axis" message is judged one of the 100 most original by YANK's staff of enlisted men, you will receive a free six-month subscription, your name will be printed in YANK, and your message will be eligible for broadcasting to all parts of the world. By the way—yardbirds from Iceland to Australia will be able to hear it, too.

TAKE YOUR PICK

1. I'll Be Seein' You!
2. Here's What I'm Fighting For
3. My Father Did it in 1918
4. Doolittle Was Only the Beginning
5. If I Had You in My Squad
6. I've Got a Better Idea—Here it is:

(Write on your own subject if you prefer)

FILL OUT THIS COUPON MAIL IT TODAY WITH YOUR MESSAGE, TO YANK, THE ARMY WEEKLY, 205 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

I'M ADDRESSING MY SHORTWAVE MESSAGE TO:

HITLER ☐

MUSSO ☐

TOJO ☐

Full Name and Rank *A. S. N.*

Military Address *(1-23)*

☐ *Check Here if You Prefer Not to Have Your Name Used.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

Drill Sergeants and Dan'l Webster

Here is news of a movement that is certain to prove the greatest improvement in Army efficiency since the jeep replaced the horse. The idea is simply to teach drill sergeants English.

The Manpower Commission prompted this brilliant effort to bring back the mother tongue to the soldier masses. The commission complained of losing entire regiments of men, marching off cliffs, doing flank movements into onrushing traffic, or executing double-times through brick walls, thinking their sergeant said "FOOOORWARD HAAARRRUCH" instead of "BRIFFIL BAZZOOK KAPOP!"

We have always suspected that sergeants don't know what they're saying themselves, half the time, but move their men through a kind of semi-hypnotic spell, motivated by fear. The first man in the first squad interprets "GIZMO ABOUBENALLAHHH!" as "turn in your uniforms and go home to momma," and he does. Soon everybody is turning in his uniform and going on home to momma, in unison.

For years drill sergeants have been running squads around parade grounds with such neatly turned phrases as, "SQUADS HARRUMPH," "BAAAAATTTTLLLYON BRRRGRUPH," and "DEETL GAZUNDHEIT" while Daniel Webster double-times in his grave.

It is said that drillees in the last war carried, at all times, Sergeant-English and English-Sergeant dictionaries, but we are inclined to doubt this. If they had, the war wouldn't have taken so long.

The most popular story around these parts is the one about the sergeant who had his squad bulldozed. Every time he opened his mouth the squad would get up and triple-time two laps around the parade grounds. It took two months for them to find out that he was simply suffering from a chronic stomach condition.

We are also working on a sure-fire method for soldiers to quickly tell their right hands from their left, which we'll announce just as soon as we can figure it out for ourselves.

SGT. BOB SCHILLER
FORT MACARTHUR, CALIF.

When Is a PX Not a PX?

I'll never forget my first experience with the Post Exchange when I had only been in the Army a week.

During my spare time (of which a new inductee has plenty), I had accumulated a fine store of *Saturday Evening Posts*, and having read them through decided to trade them in. But what a rude shock I got when they told me at the Post Exchange that it was some other kind of posts they exchanged.

CPL. ARTHUR A. BERTRAM
FORT MCPHERSON, GA.

TRUISM

Griper, goldbrick and chowhound,
All to some extent in the Army
abound.

CPL. SAM GREENBERG
CAMP LEE, VA.

Round Peg—Round Hole

Before Harry was given his "Greetings . . . you have been selected . . ." he played the cymbals in a symphony orchestra. It was a job calling for split-second timing—he only crashed the cymbals together once a night, but it had to be on the exact note. Harry's whole life hinged around that one moment; he slept, ate, read, and loved, with a single thought: be on time for that one note. Harry lived like this for many years and was pretty happy; he liked his work.

When Uncle took him Harry found his whole life shot to hell, his routine upset. There was no one thing to concentrate on, no moment of the day to get ready for and look forward to. He was in a bad way, his nerves cracking, on the verge of a breakdown.

Now Harry is very happy—he's found his place in the Army, a spot for his talents. He's the guy who yells, "Ready, eyes front!" after his company has passed the reviewing stand.

PVT. LEN ZINBERG
FORT ONTARIO, N. Y.

NO TRIM FOR HIM

Last night I got a haircut
And this is what I think of ut:
It sticks up in the front,
Also in the back.
It's plain to me
As you can see
That it is out of whack.

When I chanced to stop
At the barber's shop
It was my thought
That I really ought
To get myself a trim—
But that don't go with him!

The trim I got
Wasn't precisely whot
I wanted—bot—
At least for some time now to come
I'll only have to comb it some.

Mine is not to wonder why
The Army's haircuts are G.I.
It does no good to grieve you
For the hair they do not leave you.

One thing good I know
Which is:
Hair will always grow

PVT. WILLIAM A. ENING
CAMP WHITE, OREG.

BOLLING FIELD, WASH. D. C.

PVTS. PAINTER AND JOHN JARVIS

Swagger Stick

It's high time some one did some delving into the history and mystery of that symbol of the life militaire, the swagger stick.

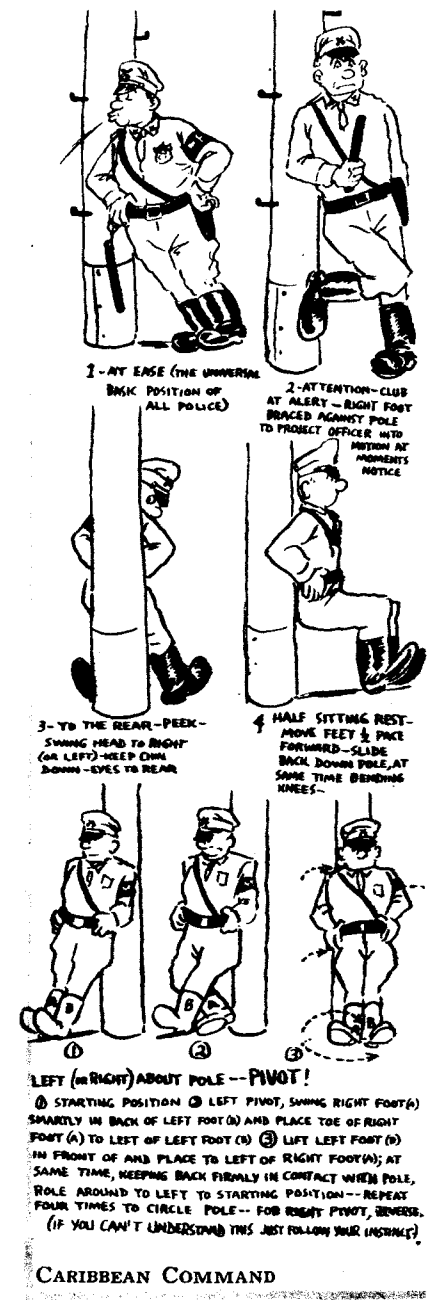
There is an improbable legend that in a messy section of the Marne actions of the last war, a group of American soldiers, during a brief respite, felt twinges of nostalgia for baseball. Forthwith a ball was fashioned with an old sock wrapped around a hand grenade that happened (it was thought at the time) to be a dud. A problem arose as to what should be used as a bat, until one had conceived the idea of using a short length of stick he'd been carrying for some time, feeling, but never being quite sure, that it might have something to do with his shelter tent.

On the first throw, one fan more rabid than the rest yelled at the batsman: "Swag 'er! Swag 'er!"

And the name stuck: swagger stick.

Oddly the first pitched ball proved, rather sadly, that the dud hand grenade was not. This determined the sawed-off length of the swagger stick.

PVT. JACK B. HUGHES
FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS



CARIBBEAN COMMAND

PITY THE SUPPLY SGT.

Oh, why am I accursed to be
A sergeant, never trouble-free.
They took me off the firing line
Into a room they said was mine,
And put before me all screwed up
Supplies and records quite abrupt,
Expecting me to get them straight
Because the last guy met his fate.
I'm as sure as down is bottom
The clothes and gripings finally got him.
Already someone asks in haste
If I have pants to fit his waist.
Another wants some shoes, size nine,
And hopes to have them right on time.
And then there always is that dope
Who keeps on asking for G.I. soap.
Already, and there are no buts,
I'm positively going nuts.
If rescue doesn't come till late,
I will end in Section Eight.

PFC A. W. ABRAMS
FORT H. G. WRIGHT, N. Y.

ONE WAY TICKET

A ride to town? All aboard
In a Plymouth, Buick or Ford.
It's easy to find one who'll gladly share
His car with you while going there.
But why do cars that go there have a knack
Of never, never coming back?

PVT. WILLIAM C. BAKER
CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Said Wrestling Wasn't On the Level?

LOS ANGELES—Three members of the burp-and-groan profession have filed suit against Columbia pictures for $100,000 for making a short which they claim holds their profession—wrestling—up to public ridicule. Ali Baba, who claims the world championship (who doesn't?) Hardboiled Haggerty and Pat McKee, a pro referee, are doing the suing.

Drafting of Youngsters Hits Minor League Ball

CHICAGO—The drafting of 18 and 19-year-olds will mean the end of Class C and D minor league baseball, according to Billy Webb, director of the White Sox farm system.

Webb thinks the A and AA minor clubs may survive by drawing seasoned players from the major league reserve lists but he doesn't see how the C and D organizations can last under the new draft laws.

"There won't be anybody left but married men with children and why should they play ball for $85 a month when they can make more money and serve their country, too, in war industry?" he asks.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

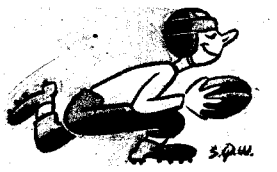
FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NOTRE DAME BEATS ARMY, 13 TO 0—Here is Dick Creevy beating his last West Point pursuer across the goal line in Yankee Stadium, New York, to complete a 15 yard jaunt for the first Irish touchdown.

BLOCK THAT KICK—Dick Creevy tries a field goal in the Army-Notre Dame classic but the ball is batted down by West Point's Kelleher.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In. 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pensacola Tr. 0
8—Tennessee 0
14—Kentucky 0
10—Georgia 21
29—So Carolina 0

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6
14—Harvard 0
0—Pennsylvania 19
0—Notre Dame 13

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech. 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
6—Georgetown 6
14—Villanova 6
0—Miss. State 6
14—Ga. Pre-Fl 41

BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M 12
20—Arkansas 7
6—Texas A. & M. 0
10—T. C. U. 7
0—Texas 20

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl 6
27—Wake Forest 0
47—Georgetown 0
28—Temple 0

BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0
13—Princeton 32
0—Yale 27
20—Holy Cross 14

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
8—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
0—U. C. L. A. 21
19—Washington 6
20—Oregon 6
7—So. California 21

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I. 0
6—N. C. State 7
7—Boston College 14
18—So. Carolina 6
6—Wake Forest 19
0—Geo. Washington 7

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34
10—Penn State 13
6—Holy Cross 6
35—Columbia 26

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army 34
12—Pennsylvania 42
14—Cornell 13
26—Colgate 35

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
8—Army 28
0—Penn State 0
7—Syracuse 12
13—Columbia 14
13—Yale 7

DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2
7—Yale 17
14—Wm. & Mary 35
19—Princeton 7

DUKE
21—Davidson 0
7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl. 26
34—Colgate 0
28—Pittsburgh 0
7—Georgia Tech. 26
42—Maryland 0

DUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 0
33—Kansas State 0
6—No. Carolina 13
7—Manhattan 10
14—St. Vincent 0
7—St. Mary's 7

FLORIDA
7—Jacksonville Tr. 20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 0
3—Villanova 13
12—Miss. State 26
0—Maryland 13
0—Georgia 75

FORDHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
23—West Virginia 14
7—St. Mary's 0
13—Louisiana State 26

GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr. 0
40—Furman 7
48—Mississippi 13
35—Cincinnati 13
21—Alabama 10
75—Florida 0

GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
33—Davidson 0
21—Navy 0
26—Duke 7
47—Kentucky 7

HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl. 13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary 7
2—Dartmouth 14
0—Army 14
19—Princeton 14
7—Michigan 35

HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19
28—N. C. State 0
6—Colgate 6
14—Brown 20

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
12—Iowa 7
14—Notre Dame 21
14—Michigan 28
14—Northwestern 7

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7
13—Iowa 14
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
7—Minnesota 0

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12
14—Indiana 13
13—Purdue 6
6—Wisconsin 0

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U. 14
0—Oklahoma 25
19—Kas. State 7
7—Nebraska 14
19—Wash. U. (St. L.) 7

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L. 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
21—Va. Tech 21
0—Alabama 14
7—Georgia Tech 47

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Tennessee 26
26—Fordham 13

MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
34—Northwestern 16
14—Minnesota 16
28—Illinois 14
35—Harvard 7

MINNESOTA
50—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 7
13—Illinois 20
15—Nebraska 2
16—Michigan 14
19—Northwestern 7
0—Indiana 7

MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U. 16
33—Vanderbilt 0
26—Florida 12
6—Auburn 0
7—Tulane 0

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
46—Kansas State 2
45—Iowa State 6
0—Great Lakes 17
26—Nebraska 6

NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
13—Yale 6
0—Georgia Tech 21
0—Notre Dame 9
7—Penn 0

NEBRASKA
26—Iowa State 0
0—Iowa 27
0—Indiana 12
2—Minnesota 15
7—Oklahoma 0
14—Kansas 7
6—Missouri 26

NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
13—Duquesne 6
14—Tulane 29
14—N. C. State 21
43—Davidson 7

NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl. 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
16—Michigan 34
6—Ohio State 20
7—Minnesota 19
7—Illinois 14

NOTRE DAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
28—Iowa Pre-Fl. 0
21—Illinois 14
9—Navy 0
13—Army 0

OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
26—Purdue 0
20—Northwestern 6
7—Wisconsin 17
59—Pittsburgh 19

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0
0—Nebraska 7
14—Iowa State 7
76—Kansas State 0

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15
28—Idaho 0
0—California 20
14—U. C. L. A. 7

OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
0—Santa Clara 7
13—Wash. State 26
0—Washington 13
33—Montana 0

PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6
42—Columbia 12
19—Army 0
0—Navy 7

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19
0—Duke 28
19—Carnegie Tech 0
19—Ohio State 59

PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6
32—Brown 13
14—Harvard 19
7—Dartmouth 19

PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
0—Ohio State 26
0—Wisconsin 13
6—Iowa 13
0—Great Lakes 42

SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 6
7—California 6
7—Oregon State 0
6—U. C. L. A. 14
8—San Francisco 6

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
26—Wash. State 12
6—Stanford 14
21—California 7

SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6
21—Corp. Christi PF 6
7—Texas 21
20—Texas A. & M 27

STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7
14—So. Calif. 6
7—U. C. L. A. 20
20—Washington 7

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
19—Holy Cross 0
12—Cornell 7
0—No. Car. Pre-Fl 9
13—Penn State 18

TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6
0—N. C. PF 34
7—Michigan State 7
0—Boston College 28

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 8
52—Furman 7
26—Louisiana State 0
34—Cincinnati 12

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6
12—Rice 7
21—So. Methodist 7
20—Baylor 0

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
2—T. C. U. 7
0—Baylor 6
41—Arkansas 0
27—So. Methodist 20

TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
0—Georgia 40
29—No. Carolina 14
28—Vanderbilt 21
0—Miss. State 7

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
21—California 0
14—Santa Clara 6
20—Stanford 7
7—Oregon 14

VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33
66—Centre 0
21—Tulane 28
19—Mississippi 0

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
35—Montana 0
6—California 19
13—Oregon State 0
7—Stanford 20

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
12—So. California 26
26—Oregon State 13
25—Mich. State 13

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
13—Great Lakes 7
13—Purdue 0
17—Ohio State 7
0—Iowa 6

YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13
12—Dartmouth 7
27—Brown 0
7—Cornell 13

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: ARMY COMMANDO TACTICS LIFT BEARS TO MONEY AND FAME

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about the way college football prepares men for the rigors of war. If that is true, and if some West Pointers, for instance, make better officers because of their football training, then the graduates of pro football should go right into Commando work.

No one can accuse pro football of being remotely sportsmanlike in the true, or Ivy League, sense. It is a rough game for adults, played for hard cash and no mercy. Its personnel are aging athletes of no sentimentality who frequently act on the assumption that the meaner they are on the field the happier the wife and kiddies will be in the dining room. This is a very practical way to act, and while it does not make good newspaper copy it frequently makes a lot of money in the bank and a peaceful, if slightly punchy, old age.

This is not meant to disparage the frequently clean and often profitable sport of college football, but simply to point out that it is the methods of pro football that are being taught to our young men in khaki these days. Not that a member of any upright professional football team would gouge or knee an opponent if the referee were looking—it is only that their tactic of playing for keeps is a good one to follow these days.

Pointing for Redskins Again

The leading exponents of this art of cooperative slaughter are the Chicago Bears, a collection of beef on the hoof unequalled since the days of Buffalo Bill. These gentle lads are currently undefeated in their league and have scored 228 points to their opponents' 70. This is a fair score for anything, from aerial battles over North Africa to killing Japs in the Solomons. The Bears recently defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers by a lopsided score, grieving the Dodger coach no end by disposing of his first-string guard and center in the early stages of the game. This naturally had nothing to do with the fact that Brooklyn is short on guard and center replacements. The Bears simply play to win.

There had been some talk that the entire Bears' team was to be drafted so that the T formation could be used to open some more second fronts. This was later found to be a base canard, circulated by the jealous Washington Redskins. The Redskins are in the unenviable position of leading the Eastern Division while the Bears lead the Western Division. This means that they will once again meet for the earth-shaking championship, with probably the same results as last year. At that time the Bears played under wraps and eked out a 71-0 victory, thereby originating the word "blitzkrieg." There is some chance that this year will see an even tighter ball game, since the Bears are known to be worrying about their sons and grandsons overseas.

No one has yet been able to figure out the secret of the Bears' success, although many have tried. It embodies all the traits of a successful army, however. On any given play the Bears usually get to the

Bill Osmanski is a Chicago Bear Commando

line of scrimmage "fustest with the mostest men"; they have close and efficient cooperation between the air arm and the ground force; and they never over-extend their lines of communication, like sending out a pass-receiver further than Sid Luckman can throw the ball. According to their opponents, they also come out on the field with 27 extra men and a light tank, but this charge can be dismissed as sour grapes.

As a matter of fact, the Army has made use of the Chicago Bears, besides drafting a few of their younger men. In the tactics department of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, they teach a troop maneuver that is closely patterned on the Bears' famous flanker play.

Or maybe it's the other way around.

Small Grid Team Has Best Record

NEW YORK — What college has the only football team in the country with its goal line uncrossed this week?

The answer is easy—the Southern Branch of Idaho University. Last week Tulsa University, highest scoring team in the nation (330 points in seven games), was also unscored upon but those Missouri Valley leaders were finally persuaded to give up a touchdown.

Six college teams have completed the season undefeated. They are Dubuque of Iowa, Alma of Michigan, St. Thomas of Minnesota, Central Michigan and Shurtleff of Illinois.

According to the season records compiled by the Associated Press, the following other teams are undefeated and untied:

Georgia, Fresno State, Williams, Augustana, Georgia Tech, Delaware, Marshall (Mo.), Hardin-Simmons, Amherst, Haverford, Baker, Boston College, St. Cloud Teachers, Lock Haven Teachers, James Milliken, New Hampshire, East Stroudsburg, and, of course, Tulsa and Idaho's Southern Branch.

The greatest back in the country according to cold statistics is not Gene Fekete, Frank Sinkwich or any other well known big timer. It is a fellow named Eddie McGovern at a school named Rose Polytech.

McGovern has scored 135 points in only five games this season. Last week he staged a one-man show, tallying four touchdowns and five extra points as he defeated Hanover, 61-2. His closest competitor for national individual scoring honors is Bob Steuber of Missouri with 97 points.

Corporal Conn Is Asked For $25,707 Income Taxes

PITTSBURGH — Uncle Sam has tapped Cpl. Billy Conn on the shoulder with a tax lien for $25,707.48 for back income taxes. The lien was filed in Pittsburgh while Conn was stationed at Fort Wadsworth.

Since then, however, Cpl. Billy has been transferred to the New Cumberland Reception Center, as assistant to the post athletic officer.

Conn's brother, Jack, has been stationed at the induction center since July 21.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Football Situation Well Scrambled

PVT. TORGER TOKLE, world champion ski jumper, gets fitted to a steel helmet at Camp Roberts, Calif., before joining ski troops.

Governali, Columbia Star, Points For New Forward Passing Record

NEW YORK—The football season still has three weeks to go but Paul Governali of Columbia has already been selected as one of the Eastern all-stars who will meet the Western aces at the annual New Year's Day Shriners' game in San Francisco.

Andy Kerr of Colgate, coach of the Eastern team, extended his invitation to Governali immediately after his Red Raiders defeated Columbia, 35-26, here last week, and the Lion pitching star accepted.

Kerr Calls Him Great

"He gave the greatest passing exhibition I ever saw in the first half of that game," Kerr said. "He proved to me that there is no adequate defense in football for accurate passing and receiving."

During the first half that the Colgate coach was referring to, Governali completed eight out of 13 passes for a total of 119 yards. In the second half, Colgate's ends began to rush him and he only managed to connect six out of 12. He played almost 60 minutes, too.

Even though his Columbia outfit has lost to Brown, Penn, Army and Colgate in seven starts, Governali gets closer and closer to the national forward passing record for ground gaining—1,457 yards, set by Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian in 1938 and equalled last season by Bud Schwenck of Washington University in St. Louis.

Speaking of forward passing records, Cecil Isbell of the Green Bay Packers broke two of them in the National Professional League last week, when he flipped three touchdown strikes against the Rams. That brought his total for the season up to 17, beating the previous mark he established in 1941.

It also erased the record of Arnie Herber, his old Green Bay teammate, who threw 51 scoring passes in his nine year pro career. Isbell has made 52 in five years.

Don Hutson caught Isbell's three touchdown throws to bring his receiving total up to a new league record in that department—13. Combined with three extra points that he kicked in the game, it gave him an individual scoring total of 21, bringing his season figure up to 103, thus overshadowing already the 95 points he accumulated last year.

Entire Issue Copyright, 1942 by YANK, The Army Weekly, Printed in U. S. A.
Pictures: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2, upper left, U. S. Signal Corps; bottom left, INP, OWL, Acme. 3, INP. 4, top, INP; bottom, Sgt. George Aarons. 5, upper left, Cpl. Schnall; upper right, U. S. Signal Corps. 6, upper left, Cpl. Schnall; right, U. S. Signal Corps. 7, U. S. Signal Corps. 8, upper left, INP; upper right, Acme. 10, left, PA; center, INP. 11, Acme. 12, upper left, INP; upper right, lower left and lower right, Acme. 13, upper left, INP; upper right and lower left, Acme; lower right, U. S. Signal Corps. 16, YANK staff. 18, Unversal Pictures. 19, upper left, INP; left center, CBS; lower left, 20th Century-Fox; upper right, Pvt. Ted Burrows. 21, lower left, INP; upper right, PA. 22, PA. 23, INP. 24, Special Service Officer, Fort Censored, Alaska. Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

In Next Week's YANK

McTURK MINUS A MOLAR
The Staten Island Flash removes that cigar and visits a G.I. dentist.

ARMY'S LITTLE NORWAY
YANK sends a reporter and artist to visit a super-tough outfit of Norwegians in U.S. uniforms who have a special reason for wanting to fight the Nazis.

Georgia, Georgia Tech, B.C. Still Rate High But Who Else Is Who?

NEW YORK—Georgia, Georgia Tech and Boston College continue to rule as monarchs of all they survey but elsewhere, throughout the nation, the football situation is as scrambled as a messkit of G.I. eggs.

Wisconsin, for instance, the champ of the Mid West, has been knocked off by Iowa (6-0), leaving the sectional title a toss-up between itself, Notre Dame, Ohio State and Michigan. Down in the Southwest, your guess is as good as the next fellow's. Texas is currently leading that conference but it has been beaten by Northwestern. Texas A. & M., beaten by Baylor and Texas Tech, has dropped into fourth place behind Baylor and Texas Christian.

West Coast Confused

Out in the Far West, it's even more of a puzzle. U.C.L.A. was supposed to be this season's Rose Bowl selection until last week when Bob Reynolds of Oregon intercepted a Uclan pass on his own two-yard line and ran it back 42 yards to start a drive for a 14-7 upset.

That defeat gives Washington State a better conference record than U.C.L.A. They've each been defeated but Washington State has four wins to the Uclans' three. Washington and California, heavy favorites, were also licked last week by Stanford and Southern California.

The big show of the week, of course, was the annual Notre Dame-Army encounter here at the Yankee Stadium which Frank Leahy's Irish won, 13-0, on superior reserve strength after a scoreless first half. The 76,000 spectators also felt that luck had something to do with the South Bend victory. Notre Dame scored its first touchdown against the game cadets after West Point's Ralph Hill fumbled on his 34-yard line.

Navy Upsets Penn

And the second Irish tally occurred when Cadet Dale Hall batted down Angelo Bertelli's pass in the end zone but knocked the ball into the arms of George Murphy.

The Navy surprised everybody by stopping highly favored Penn, 7-0, when a little 150-pound plebe named H. A. Hamberg dashed off the bench in the first period and threw a 10-yard touchdown pass. Then they stopped a Penn attack on their one-yard line with two minutes to play.

Georgia, Georgia Tech and Boston College—the only major teams left in the undefeated and untied class—ran ruthlessly true to form. Georgia buried Florida, 75-0, with Frankie Sinkwich gaining 112 yards passing and 71 yards rushing to push his personal offensive totals of the season toward an all-time record.

The Rambling Wrecks from Tech had a pleasant afternoon with Kentucky, 47-7, and up in New England, Boston College overwhelmed Temple, 28-0, gaining 416 yards against the Owls' hard-earned total of 39 yards. B. C. seems like a cinch.

Iowa's amazing upset of Wisconsin was due to a 21-yard pass from Tom Farmer to his big end, Bill Borkett, in the second period. Then the Hawks staged a dramatic goal line stand in the final minutes of the game, holding the last Wisconsin line plunge on the one-foot mark as the whistle sounded.

Wisconsin scored 12 first downs to Iowa's nine but the Hawks pleased their big homecoming crowd in the Iowa City stadium by outrushing the visitors, 178 to 109.

SPORT SHORTS

Johnny Beazley, who pitched the Cards to a World's championship, is now a private in the Air Forces at Ft. Oglethorpe and says he's through with baseball and will make the Army his career . . . The Army has given the **Rose Bowl** a green light providing the military situation doesn't change on the West Coast . . . **Riverland,** a plater which was running in claiming races not long ago, beat Alsab and Whirlaway during the same week.

Frankie Crosetti and **Joe Gordon** were fined $250 each and suspended for the first thirty days of next season for pushing umpire Bill Summers around during the World Series . . . **Army Emergency Relief** received $241,392 from those All-Star versus pro football games . . . **Dick Creevy** and **George Murphy** who gave Notre Dame a 13-0 win over Army will join the Marines upon graduation next May.

WALTERS PITCHING—Bucky Walters of the Reds says he will keep this war-industry job on the wing-assembly line of the Brewster Aviation plant near Philadelphia for the duration.

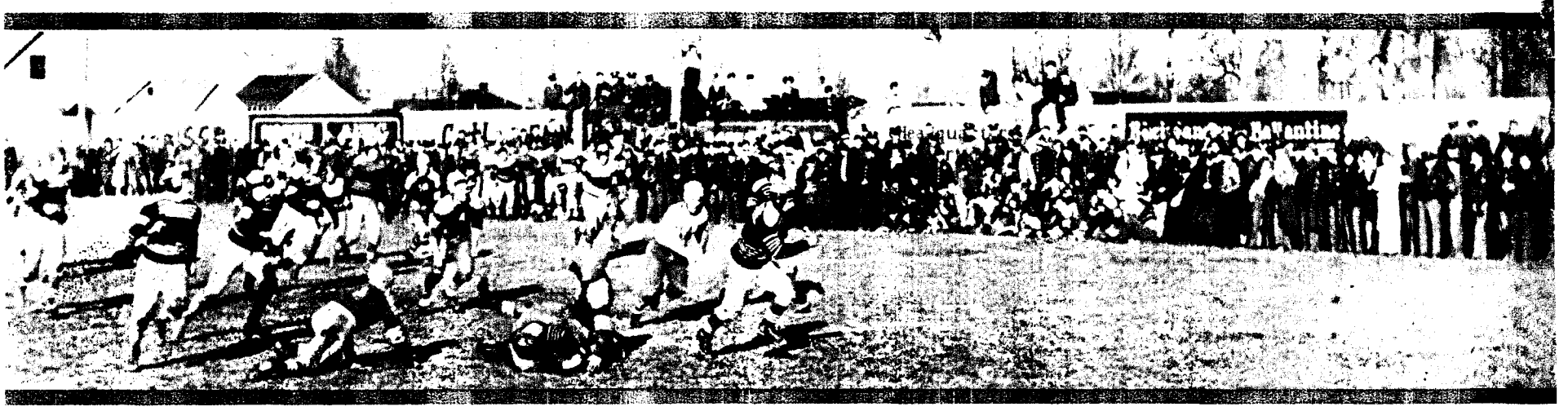
Dolph Camilli, Dodger's first baseman, has asked for his release from the club so he can get a managerial berth on the West Coast. He says it's too expensive commuting to Brooklyn every summer . . . **Fred Corcoran,** tournament manager of the P.G.A., has been given a leave of absence so that he can manage a Red Cross service club overseas . . . **Ralph Neves,** the jockey who was once declared dead after a riding accident, is in the Army . . . **Beau Jack,** latest Negro lightweight sensation, receives only $5 a week spending money from his manager . . . **Charles (Red) Barrett,** right hander of the Syracuse Chiefs, has been voted the International League's most valuable player.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Football in Alaska

Pvt. Gordon Hill (Washington State star) is off for a run around end. Hill's team won Alaskan G. I. football championship.



Fort Censored Air Corps vs. Fort Censored All-Stars. Pvt. Irving Roth (Brooklyn College) of the All-Stars makes 40 yards. Roth's outfit won, 13-6.

Welcome as a letter from home!

Every soldier, sailor and marine knows what that means. And YANK is a weekly letter you'll read through and through. Fill out this coupon and become a YANK subscriber NOW.

SEND YANK BY MAIL TO:

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ ASN

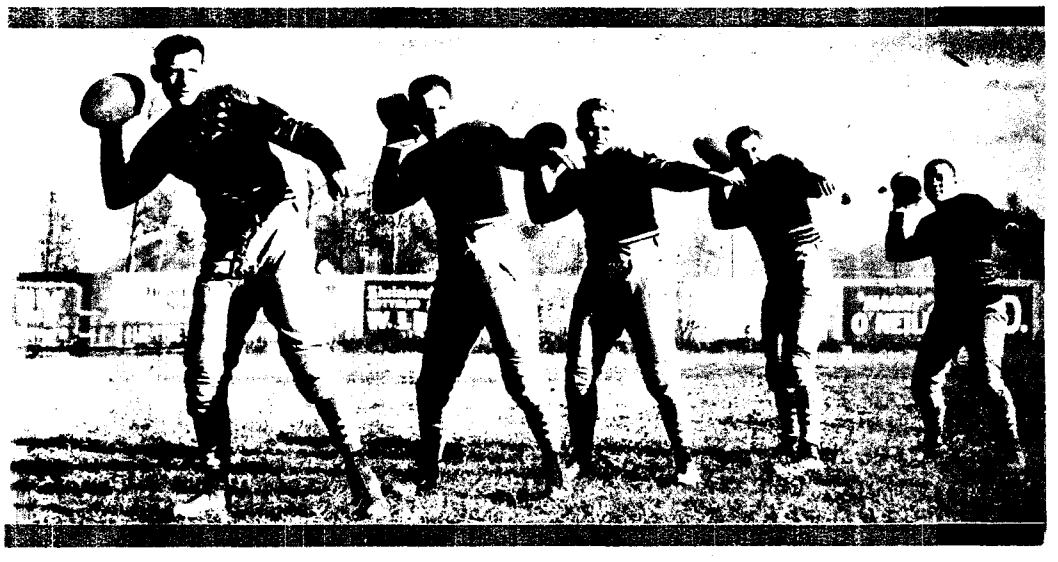
MILITARY ADDRESS _____

PLEASE CHECK: 8 MONTHS (35 ISSUES) ..... ☐ 1.00
1 YEAR (52 ISSUES) ..... ☐ 1.50

1-23

ENCLOSE CHECK, CASH, OR MONEY ORDER AND MAIL TO
YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES



Shining lights of the All-Stars team (l. to r.): Pvt. Gordon Hill, Washington State; Pvt. William Jones, Wisconsin Teachers; Sgt. Vern Bybee, Downey, Ida.; Pfc. Steve Pentek, Marquette, and Pvt. Charles Wright, Camden, Ark.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED